Commentary
December 1999

Strange Bedfellows: A Guide to the New Foreign-Policy Debates

Norman Podhoretz

How Psychiatry Lost Its Way

Paul R. McHugh

When the Palestinian Army Invades

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I'm Getting Married Tomorrow—A Story

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Who's Afraid of Jewish Day Schools?

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Buchanan as Historian

Gabriel Schoenfeld

Jazz Masterpieces: Part 2

Terry Teachout

Books in Review

James Q. Wilson • Paul Johnson • David Gelernter
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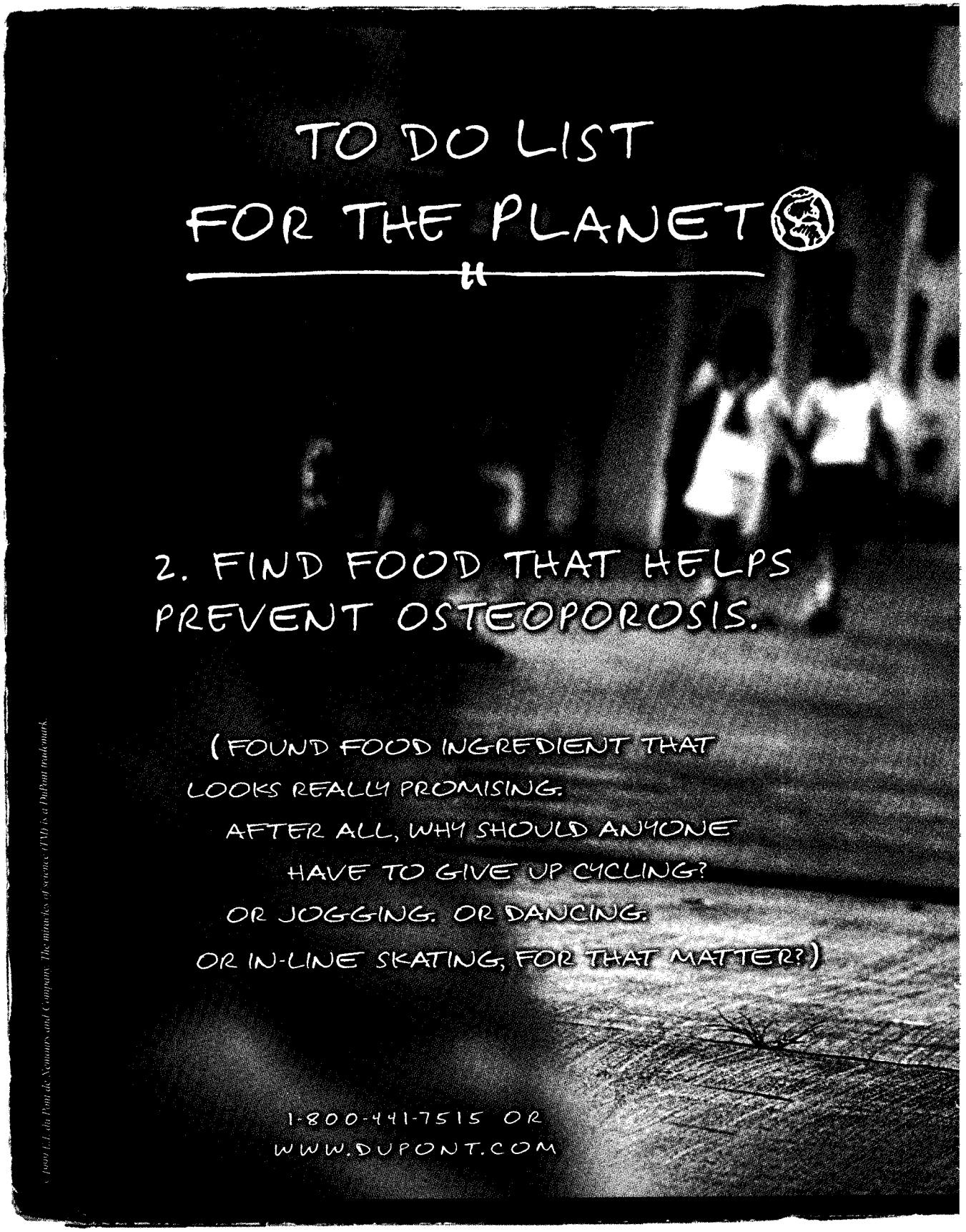
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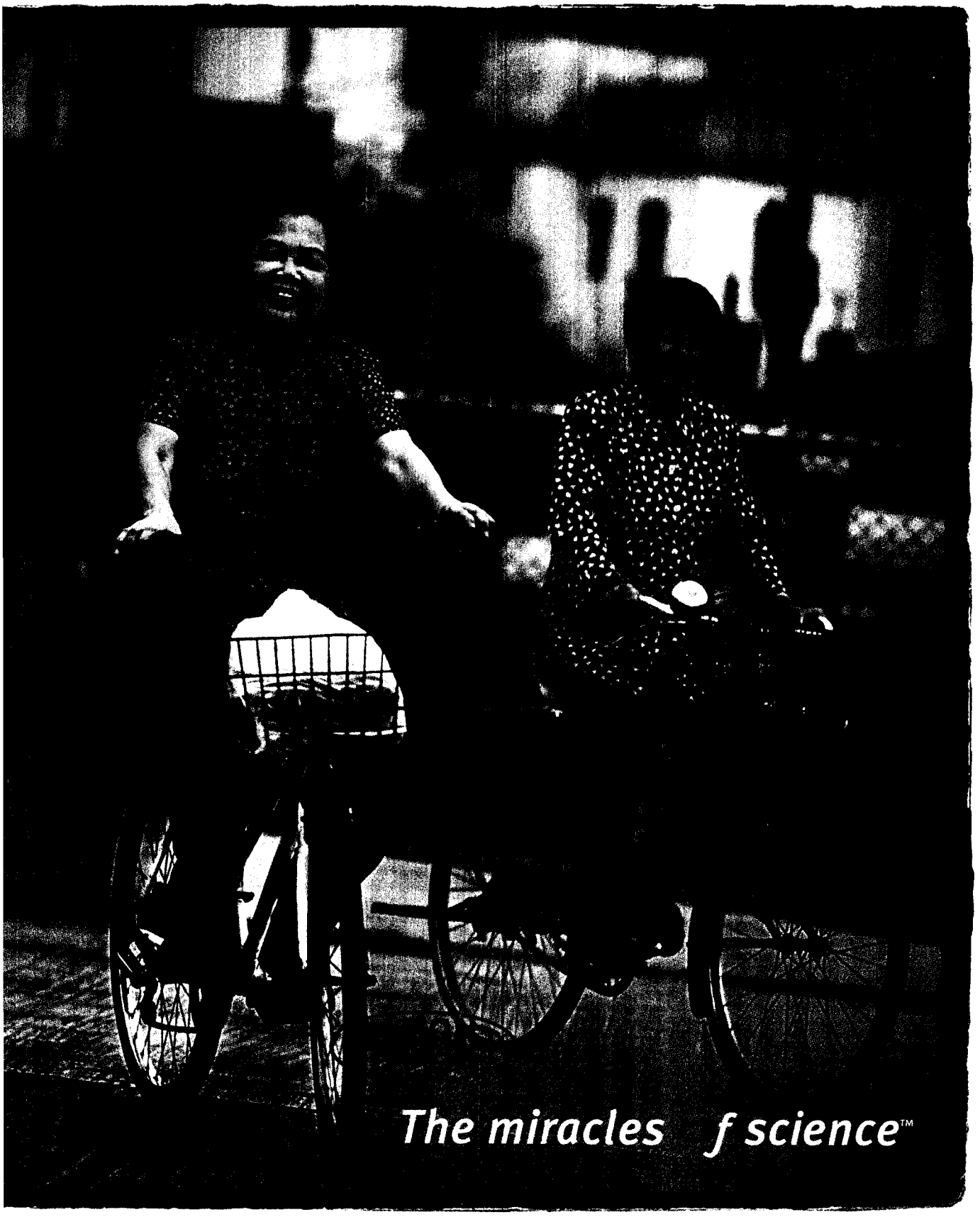

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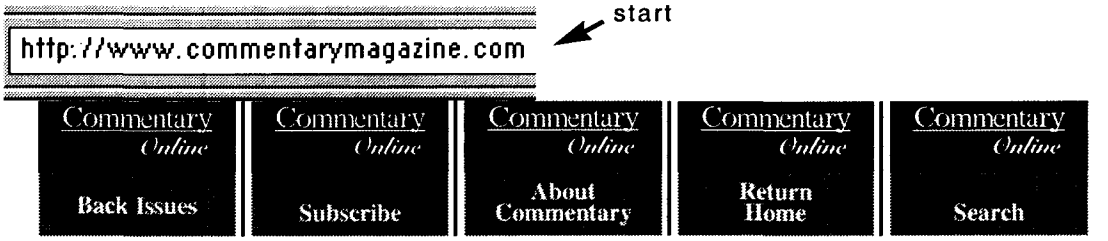

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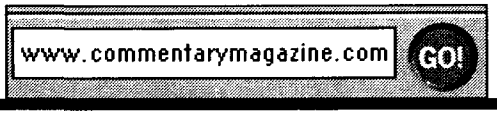

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Commentary
December 1999

Letters from Readers

Genetic Technology

To the Editor:

In "The Moral Meaning of Genetic Technology" [September], Leon R. Kass recognizes the enormous potential of genetic technology to alleviate human suffering and so will not condemn it—but neither will he endorse it. His worry is that it portends some fundamental change in man's view of himself and his power of self-transformation. He fails to show, however, that such a change is implicit in the new technology.

Indeed, our rapidly advancing genetic technology differs merely in degree from knowledge and practices that have existed for millennia. Does Mr. Kass believe that his grandchildren should feel diminished as human beings because he can conclude, based on his own family and racial history, that they are infinitely more likely to become professors at the University of Chicago than power forwards for the Chicago Bulls? If not, then how will more specific chemical knowledge of the base pairs that comprise their genes substantially narrow their view of life's possibilities?

Does Mr. Kass lament the power that is *already* at his disposal for shaping the genes of his offspring? After all, it did not require Crick and Watson's discovery of the double helix for human beings to understand that the characteristics we value in our offspring—health, beauty, intelligence—are profoundly affected by our choice of mate. If the moral issue is the propriety of exercising control over the likely characteristics of our progeny, then such concern should rest more squarely on the conscious choice of mates than on some limited prospect for genetic manipulation.

Lloyd Cohen
Clifton, Virginia

To the Editor:

It is hard to understand how a trained physician like Leon R. Kass could argue that ordinary medical practice "treats only existing individuals, and it treats them only remedially." What about preventive medicine, prenatal care, and genetic counseling, which are not remedial, and affect future generations?

As for Mr. Kass's referring to a child with spina bifida as "intelligent and otherwise normal," this is disingenuous. Children with severe forms of the disease have paralysis and deformities of the legs, recurrent urinary-tract infections, meningitis, and generally miserable lives. Far from strengthening Mr. Kass's argument, such children demonstrate the need for genetic research.

Lawrence I. Bonchek, M.D.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

To the Editor:

What has happened to Leon R. Kass's optimism? In *The Ethics of Human Cloning*, the book he recently co-authored, he observed that we naturally recoil from the notion that the technology made famous by Dolly the lamb would be applied to people. He seemed confident that this instinct, which he called "the wisdom of repugnance," was potent enough to prevail against "rational" arguments in favor of human cloning.

Now, as we confront the undesirable byproducts of future genetic technologies, Mr. Kass seems less sure of our ability, or even our desire, to raise moral objections. He concludes his article by warning that

> unless we mobilize the courage to look foursquare at the full human meaning of our new enterprise in biogenetic technology and engineering, we are doomed to become its creatures if not its slaves.

Mr. Kass need not worry so much. The "wisdom of repugnance" is not dead, despite reports in the media of its seeming demise. Stories

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about infertile couples enthusiastically embracing reproductive technologies—particularly in-vitro fertilization and selective pregnancy reduction—may give the impression that these methods are universally accepted. They are not. We seldom get to hear from the many infertile couples who object on moral grounds to even these relatively low-tech interventions.

ROBERT P. LINDEMAN, M.D.
Brookline, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR:

Leon R. Kass lays out with shattering clarity the threat that genetic technology poses to man's sense of freedom and dignity. I, too, fervently hope that "the technological way of approaching both the world and human life" will be "brought under intellectual, spiritual, moral, and political rule," though I am none too sanguine.

I disagree, however, with Mr. Kass's claim that "reductionism, materialism, and determinism," considered "as philosophies," have seemingly been "vindicated by scientific advance." Biologists may think this is so, believing, as he writes, that "man is just a collection of molecules . . . a freakish speck of mind in a mindless universe," but they do not really have the slightest idea how thoughts and feelings could arise from electrochemical brain processes. The origins of mind and consciousness and their interplay are still essentially a mystery.

MICHAEL KELLMAN
Eugene, Oregon

TO THE EDITOR:

As one reads Leon Kass's "The Moral Meaning of Genetic Technology," the specter of Hitler's genetic-purification program appears. Of the several contributions Mr. Kass makes, it seem to me that two are most important: first, it is the benign and well-intentioned genetic scientist, along with his legislative and bureaucratic cohorts, from whom we, in our liberal society, have the most to fear; second, that genetic engineering is qualitatively different from all previous technological advances, and that the fear of this technology cannot be compared to obscurantist opposition to earlier advances.

Mr. Kass's position is of moral importance, but his argument raises some questions. For instance, he entitles one of his sections "Playing God," but we humans are not capable of playing God. In the sense Mr. Kass intends, however, human beings have always played God. Both military and civilian hospitals triage emergency patients. Young patients are more apt to receive organ transplants than elderly patients. Capital offenders are judged unworthy of life. Soldiers shoot the enemy. Life-and-death decisions, and decisions with destructive or constructive implications for society and human well-being, are indeed Godlike, but that simply means they should be topics for moral and ethical debate.

Yes, the destructive consequences of genetic technology are frightening to contemplate, but it also has a potential for good—and that is pleasant to contemplate.

NORMAN SIEFFERMAN
Fredericksburg, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR:

Technological determinists tell us that there is no way to slow the genetic-engineering juggernaut. If Leon R. Kass's reflections do not cause us to pause at least momentarily, nothing will.

C. BEN MITCHELL
Deerfield, Illinois

LEON R. KASS writes:

The point of my essay was to articulate and defend the ambivalences and anxieties people feel about the coming power to manipulate the human genome. I sought to show that these concerns are not the product of ignorance, superstition, or a lack of scientific knowledge. Though they disagree with this or that

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point, none of my correspondents has challenged my major conclusions or argued that the coming of genetic technology should be regarded as business as usual.

Lloyd Cohen comes closest to saying that genetic technology differs only in degree from practices "that have existed for millennia." He pretends to see no difference between the indirect genetic effects of mate selection, where human partners are selected for reasons different from stud farming and where, in any case, chance still rules in every fertilization, and deliberate, direct genetic engineering to produce offspring with precise biological capacities. He pretends to recognize no difference between seeing children as a gift that we are duty-bound to humanize through speech and example in light of the good, and seeing children as a product whose qualities we determine by manipulating their bodies, consulting only our own subjective prejudices. I accept fully the heritable implications of choosing a spouse. But when I found a woman with whom to make a life and who might be a worthy mother of our children, I paid attention to her character, her tastes, and the things she esteemed and aspired to in life, not merely some morally neutral genetically determined capacity. Mr. Cohen has, perhaps unknowingly, already bought the reductionist view of life, marriage, and child-rearing.

Notwithstanding Lawrence I. Bonchek's useful reminder about preventive medicine, prenatal care, and genetic counseling, I stick to my claim that ordinary medical practice focuses on remedying the ills of existing individuals who bring themselves to the physician, "seeking to correct deviations from a more or less stable norm of health," in contrast to genetic engineering that will be able to alter in advance specific future individuals. Prenatal care, while not remedial, serves an existing (albeit invisible) individual, the intrauterine human being. Preventive measures in *ordinary* medical practice, e.g., in the form of immunizations, likewise treat the individual patient—not some *future*, as-yet-hypothetical child-to-be. Both of these practices also presuppose and serve an existing standard of health and fitness.

In contrast, genetic engineering, when fully developed, will be able to go to work on the next generation *prior to conception*, through modification of egg and sperm. And it holds out promise of altered human capacities, hence new and unstable norms of health. Genetic counseling, which is, strictly speaking, an illegal alien in the medical polity, already shows the way to these future and disturbing novelties. Who exactly is the patient and the beneficiary of genetic counseling? And what is its goal? In today's prenatal diagnosis, followed by abortion, we have the one branch of preventive "medicine" in which disease is prevented by eliminating the patient. Should intrauterine gene therapy become feasible, the matter will be clarified and the therapeutic medical model will again prevail. But what about interventions to "enhance" the product? How will this be medicine? (By the way, Dr. Bonchek, the child with spina bifida in the case I cited was in fact otherwise normal.)

Robert P. Lindeman mistakes my vigorous defense of "the wisdom of repugnance" for optimism that it can prevail against the various technocratic arguments and socioeconomic pressures to practice human cloning. But whatever the efficacy of revulsion in the debate about cloning, the case of genetic technology is different. Here we have a technology that *begins* by promising cures for specific genetic diseases in specific individuals, and which only later may go on to perform its disquieting eugenic feats. In a culture that already allows people to sell their "eugenic" eggs on the Internet, revulsion alone will not find and keep the boundaries Dr. Lindeman and I would like to preserve.

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I, of course, share Michael Kellman's judgment about the inadequacy of materialist explanations of life, not only about mind and consciousness but even about such lowly matters as nutrition and growth (see my book *The Hungry Soul*). One cannot understand even animals without notions of form, wholeness, awareness, appetite, and goal-directed action—none of them reducible to matter-in-motion or even to DNA. But the materialism of science, useful as a heuristic hypothesis, is increasingly being peddled as the true account of human life by a new breed of bioprophets, citing as evidence the powers obtainable on the basis of just such reductive approaches to life. Many laymen, ignorant of any defensible scientific alternative to materialism, are swallowing and regurgitating these shallow soulless doctrines, because, as I said, "they *seem* to be vindicated by scientific advance." The result is likely to be serious damage to human self-understanding and the subversion of all high-minded views of the good life.

Norman Siefferman has a point when he likens human willingness selectively to take life to "playing God." But almost all the cases he cites are justified either by sad necessity (triage, when not all can be saved, and war, when self-preservation is at stake) or by cause (retribution for murder). But these destructive acts are no precedent for the Godlike scientific *creation* of human life, whose "goodness" will be measured only according to the unlimited subjective will of its human creators. Such powers of "playing God" are surely cause not only for moral and ethical debate but also for worry and concern.

I thank C. Ben Mitchell for his generous words.

Communism

TO THE EDITOR:

In "Reds" [October], Joshua Muravchik's comments on the persistence of a certain *bien-pensant* attitude toward Communism in America fall strangely on European ears. The Americans, who have been ahead of Europe in so many ways, have shown a remarkable tardiness in understanding what Communism really was and, in a few parts of the world, still is.

France is far ahead of America in this respect, with the recent publication of two major works that analyze in detail the peculiar horrors of Communism, not just in Europe but all over the world. *Le Livre Noir du Communisme*, published two years ago in Paris and only now coming out in English in the United States, draws a direct parallel between Communism and Nazism in political methods and effect, calculating the body count of Communism at something between 85 and 100 million. Another book, *Rouge Brun*, by the distinguished scholar and historian Thierry Wolton, appeared in September. It traces in great detail the collaboration, political friendship, and mutual admiration between followers of Nazism and Communism.

Curiously, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, the illusion persists, not only in American universities but in respectable British intellectual circles, that Communism was and is somehow morally superior to Nazism, rather than its left-wing mirror image.

HERB GREER
Manchester, England

TO THE EDITOR:

Joshua Muravchik, in his excellent survey of Communism, makes it clear that the issue involving Alger Hiss, Laurence Duggan, Harry Dexter White, *et al.* is no longer whether or not they were guilty. The question now is why were persons of such intellectual distinction and unquestionable idealism so mistakenly captivated by the notion that collectivism was the road to utopia?

But Hiss, Duggan, and the others were—and are—not alone. Socialism has an irresistible hold on the minds of intellectuals in the literary world, the arts, journalism, and academia. This continues despite theoretical analyses destroying the intellectual underpinnings of socialism and a century of establishing that the endgame of socialism is not utopia but totalitarianism, poverty, and terror.

Raymond Aron, the eminent French political philosopher, has taken the Marxist phrase "religion is the opiate of the masses" and turned it around into "socialism is the opiate of the intellectuals." In doing so, has not Aron captured the major issue of modern times?

MAURICE ROSENFIELD
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR:

The long-overdue honoring of Elia Kazan at this year's Academy Awards has brought out the usual howling of the historical revisionists who continue to exercise all too much influence in the academy, the media, and the film industry.

By now, I would have expected that with the collapse of the Soviet empire and its murderous record revealed for anyone with eyes to see, some of our liberal "thinkers" would have had second thoughts about their former political orientation, and perhaps might even have been tempted to public expressions of *mea culpa*. But the concept of shame seems alien to them. And so the battle goes on. This time Richard Dreyfuss and his squad of Hollywood "freedom fighters" are pecking away at one of filmdom's true artists. But perhaps there is some solace after all. Long after their shrill little voices are stilled, the world will continue to be thrilled by the thunder of *Viva Zapata!*, *On the Waterfront*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *East of Eden*. Belated congratulations and well done, Gadge! And thank you, Joshua Muravchik.

NATHAN SHUSTER
North York, Ontario, Canada

JOSHUA MURAVCHIK writes:

I find Herb Greer's letter interesting, but I am not content with its two key formulations. The entire West has a way to go in coming to grips with the record of Communism, but I do not believe that America trails France in this regard. I would have said that *Le Livre Noir* made far more of a sensation in France than in the U.S. because it came as a revelation there, whereas its gravamen had been generally recognized and accepted here at least since the publication of Solzhe-

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nitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. The lingering debate in this country is less about the assessment of Communism than about the assessment of those who fought against it and those who apologized for it. One would think, too, that a thorough reckoning with the experience of Communism would lead to vigilance toward contemporary Communist regimes or regimes that bear a likeness to Communism. But with respect to China, Cuba, Iraq, Serbia, Iran, and others, France is scarcely ahead of the United States in drawing this inference.

While I accept the point that Communism was no better than Nazism, I would not call it a mirror-image. We must account for the fact that many outstanding individuals of moral probity came out of the Communist movement and contributed to its downfall. This prompted Ignazio Silone's aphorism that history would come down to a struggle between the Communists and the ex-Communists. Yet to my knowledge no one came out of the Nazi movement to become a Sidney Hook or Whittaker Chambers.

This points to the issue raised by Maurice Rosenfield about the infernal appeal of collectivism to the intellectuals, a phenomenon that needs further explanation. The weakness in Aron's formula is that it leaves us wondering why the intellectuals need an opiate. The proletariat, according to Marx, needed sedation against its misery. The intellectuals have no similar need. To them the collectivist fantasy has been less a sedative than a stimulant, not heroin but cocaine.

My thanks to Nathan Shuster for his comments.

Immigration

TO THE EDITOR:

Irwin M. Stelzer is to be congratulated on a remarkable review of a remarkable book: George J. Borjas's *Heaven's Door: Immigration and the American Economy* [September]. Borjas's research has led him to astonishing findings: that the immigration wave accidentally unleashed by the 1965 legislation has not benefited Americans in aggregate; that lower-skilled workers in particular are being hurt; that the current system's selection process is producing lower-skilled (and overwhelmingly third-world) immigrants; that these immigrants are disproportionately failing and going on welfare; and that Americans are actually paying, through fiscal transfers, for the transformation of their society. Mr. Stelzer's handsome acknowledgment that "many of these findings are now uncontested" is entirely appropriate—but applies only to economists. In public debate, the conventional wisdom still reflects a very different view.

I must gently point out that this unfortunate situation is, in a small way, Mr. Stelzer's fault. In 1995, I published *Alien Nation: Common Sense About America's Immigration Disaster*, a book that was in large part an explicit popularization of Borjas's work. But at the time, Mr. Stelzer, in the *New York Post*, brushed aside as a "narrow-minded statistical compendium" the very evidence that he now finds so compelling.

What Mr. Stelzer still has not reckoned with is my discussion in *Alien Nation* of the level at which immigration should be set. I pointed out that because Americans of all races are now reproducing just at replacement level, the demographic impact of immigration is much greater than it was during the last great wave from 1890 to 1920, when the native-born population was still growing rapidly. Combined with the system's paradoxical selection process, which has favored the third world and choked off Europe, this means that the racial balance in the U.S. is rapidly shifting. Whites have gone from being about 90 percent of the population in 1960 to 75 percent in 1990, and are projected to go below 50 percent in the middle of the 21st century.

Ethnic identity and partisan affiliation are closely correlated in American politics, changing only slowly if at all. Edwin S. Rubenstein and I have shown that, if this racial shift continues, the Republican party can reasonably hope to win just two more Presidential elections. After 2008, Republicans will go decisively into a minority. After 2025 or so, even a sweep of Reaganesque proportions among whites will not outweigh the effect of imported Democrats.

The inexorable logic of the situation is that, if the present U.S. political order is to survive, immigration must be made proportionate to the racial groups already here, or it must be reduced to a low enough level that it will not disturb the racial balance. I think the latter is more practical. I await enlightenment from Mr. Stelzer—but he had better not take another four years.

PETER BRIMELOW
Washington, Connecticut

IRWIN M. STELZER writes:

Peter Brimelow fears immigrants. They are different from "us"—different in color ("visible minorities," to use the term Mr. Brimelow prefers in his book, *Alien Nation*), skills, and political outlook. Indeed, they will (shock, horror), he says in his letter, likely vote for Democrats, sending "Republicans . . . decisively into the minority." So he finds comfort in George J. Borjas's book, *Heaven's Door*, and in my generally favorable review of it, which he takes to be a recanting of positions I have taken in my columns for the *New York Post*. Alas, Mr. Brimelow still does not get it.

The virtues of Borjas's book are two: he lays out the facts that should guide the debate about immigration policy; and he suggests a rational framework within which to analyze those facts. He also describes some of the problems created by the newer wave of immigrants, lovingly repeated by Mr. Brimelow in his letter—and, I might add, laid out with care in my several *New York Post* pieces on the subject.

But social policy is not made merely by tabulating negatives. It is made by weighing advantages against disadvantages: a decision to pay down the national debt has the disadvantage of foreclosing a tax cut but the advantage of stimulating economic growth by lowering interest rates; a decision to open American markets to the products of low-wage countries threatens the jobs of some workers but enriches some consumers. To decide which policy is best for America requires balancing the costs against the benefits.

So too with immigration policy. To close "Heaven's Door"—which, by the way, Borjas does not suggest we

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What are the facts?

The reality, regrettably, has not at all lived up to the agreement and to the promises made. While Arafat and other Palestinian leaders proclaim their peaceful intentions in English before Western audiences, they are brutally frank when they address their own people in Arabic and away from Western newspeople and television cameras. There is constant incitement to violence and frank declaration of the ultimate goal—firmly embedded in the never rescinded PLO Covenant—namely the destruction of the State of Israel and its replacement by "Palestine," an Arab state.

The statements that follow were made by Palestinian leaders not too long ago. They are representative of similar ones made before and since.

> "Peace will not come...until the Palestinians and the Arab nations commit themselves to full acceptance of Israel and are willing to live with it in peace."

PA Chairman Yasser Arafat ***(Palestinian Television, August 9, 1997):*** *"We must confront them, we must confront them. We must confront them in every sense of the word."*

Yasser Arafat ***(Palestinian Television, August 6, 1997):*** *"...let us commit ourselves before Allah and the Palestinian people that we shall lead the coming battle as we have led previous battles. An oath is an oath and a promise is a promise. The whole world stands by us, while they are alone. They are afraid, but we are not. We cling to the oath and the promise. The Palestinian people is faithful to its oath, the one which we swore upon the first day when the initial shot was fired and the first of our martyrs fell...We are marching together with the blessing of Allah, my brothers, we are marching together to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem."*

Kamel Hamid, head of Fatah (a faction of the PLO) ***(At a Rally, August 10, 1997):*** *"...all means are legitimate to uproot the despicable occupation."*

Sheikh Hamed Bitawi, chairman of the Palestine Religious Scholars Association ***(July 27, 1997):*** *"That which befell the infidel nations will also occur to the State of Israel. We are certain that Allah will destroy the State of Israel either through natural disasters, such as an earthquake, or at the hands of the Moslems, or both."*

PA Mufti Ikrama Sabri ***(In a sermon at Al-Aksa Mosque, July 11, 1997):*** *"Oh Allah, destroy America for she is ruled by Zionist Jews...Allah shall take revenge on behalf of his prophet against the colonialist settlers who are sons of monkeys and pigs..."*

PA Minister for Jerusalem Affairs Feisal Husseini ***(May 18, 1997):*** *"Israel is attempting to obstruct peace...The only option remaining for us will be an alternative option...war."*

Yasser Arafat ***(Addressing a crowd in Tulkarem, April 28, 1997):*** *"I now see the walls of Jerusalem, the mosques of Jerusalem, the churches of Jerusalem. My brothers! With blood and with spirit we will redeem you, Palestine!"*

Nabil Ramlawi ***(At a session of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, Reported March 17, 1997):*** *"Israeli authorities...infected by injection 300 Palestinian children with the HIV virus during the years of the intifada."*

All of these actual verbatim quotations are only a minute fraction of the inflammatory statements with which Palestinian leaders whip up their followers to a frenzy of hatred and violence against Israel. It is totally against the letter and the spirit of the Oslo accord. But it is in line with all the other acts of defiance and non-compliance on the part of the Palestinians. For example, and most egregiously perhaps, that famous Covenant that unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel has never been rescinded. Instead of combating terrorist activity, the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) continues to release well-known members of terrorist groups. Another blatant violation is the size and the weaponry of the so-called P.A. police force, which was fixed by Oslo at a maximum of 24,000, but which is now estimated at over 50,000 members, many of them former terrorists and equipped with smuggled advanced military weapons. It is essentially an army in waiting. How do people expect Israel to bring further "sacrifices for peace" to appease these fanatics and why, in the face of daily evidence of Palestinian intransigence and murderous hatred, should Israel even consider turning over vital strategic assets to those who are openly committed to its destruction? Peace will not come to this part of the world until the Palestinians and the Arab nations commit themselves to full acceptance of Israel and are willing to live with it in peace. And that day seems to be a long way off.

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should do—would relieve us of some burdens, most notably the welfare costs associated with the newer immigrants. But it would also deny us access to some of the advantages that new immigrants bring with them—no need here to recount the successes of Asian immigrants.

Since Mr. Brimelow repeats some of the costs associated with our new immigrants, by way of balance it is worth pointing out that the National Research Council has found that there appears to be no relationship between immigrant concentrations and local crime rates; that new immigrants are more likely than the average native to be living in family households; and that intermarriage seems likely to blur ethnic and social distinctions, hastening the assimilation of current immigrants from Asia and Latin America.

In his letter, Mr. Brimelow repeats his suggestion in *Alien Nation* that immigration "be made proportionate to the racial groups already here," an updated version of the argument once used to restrict immigration from Asia and Eastern and Southern Europe. This is either a mere statement of prejudice, or, more likely, a cop-out: a confession of an inability to gain acceptance for policies that maximize the benefits of immigration and minimize its costs.

Before we sign on to the Brimelow program and deny ourselves the injections of yeastiness and spice that have historically forced natives who are comfortable with the status quo to compete with newcomers, we should consider less costly measures. Where would America be if it were now forced to rely only on its old-line Wasp population for the drive and skills needed to compete in a global economy? We would be in the hands of the largely Wasp, perk-laden corpocrats who so mismanaged America's major companies as almost to bring the economy to ruin before being saved by Michael Milken and his gang of sons-of-immigrants corporate raiders.

We would also be facing the inflationary pressure of a much tighter labor market than now exists. Estimates are that some 38 percent of the 12.7 million new jobs created in America in this decade have been filled by immigrants. Nearly one-third of the start-up companies in high-tech Silicon Valley are headed by Chinese or Indian immigrants.

To throw away these advantages in pursuit of some Brimelow-ordained "racial balance" seems to me less desirable than to develop policies that retain the benefits of a generous immigration policy while minimizing the costs of keeping "Heaven's Door" open: welcome those who come here seeking a hand up, not a hand-out; deny citizenship to those who are not fluent in our language and familiar with our history; abandon the ideology of multiculturalism in favor of good old-fashioned assimilation.

I hope this provides Mr. Brimelow with the "enlightenment" he says he seeks from me. But I suspect it will not. I regret that I simply do not possess a torch powerful enough to brighten the darkness in which he finds himself as he contemplates the future of an America peopled by folks different from himself.

Parents

TO THE EDITOR:

"Can Parents Be Trusted?" asks Chester E. Finn, Jr. [September]. By the end of his article he seems to be suggesting they cannot, even though he grants that "many parents" do work hard to rear children soundly. After citing several examples of parental malpractice, he concludes by quoting Francis Fukuyama on the reassertion of traditional norms and hoping that such "transforming power" will change the "minds and hearts of American parents."

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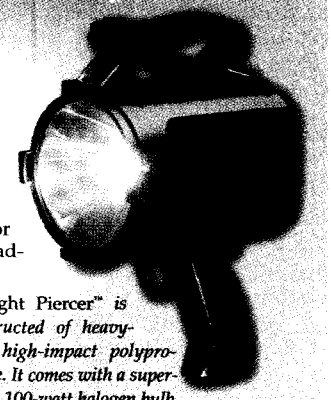

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who neglect their duties. Unfortunately, it is more likely to be grist for the education industry's mill, because the stock excuse for schools unforgivably failing to teach children to read and write is that they come from rotten homes. And because the article is squarely in the context of the movement toward parental choice, Mr. Finn's thesis is a boon to education monopolists like the teachers' unions as they try to sabotage vouchers, tuition tax credits, and charter schools. They will say, "Nothing will improve with parental choice because parents will not make wise choices."

The real question is: if we don't trust the parents, whom do we trust? Big government? The National Education Association? The experts?

It is true that some parents may not be as savvy as others, but in a free market the word gets around. Feet will follow quality.

ROBERT HOLLAND
Lexington Institute
Arlington, Virginia

CHESTER E. FINN, JR. writes:

Robert Holland is an estimable and tireless advocate for school choice, but I do not think it does his (and my) quest any good to sweep under the rug the degree to which this approach to good education hinges on discerning, well-informed, conscientious, and quality-minded consumers. Insofar as today's parents do not meet that standard, school choice will not work as well as it could. To be sure, some parents' failings can be laid at the doorstep of the public-education monopoly itself, which has disempowered, spurned, and sought to supplant them. Putting parents in the driver's seat will gradually undo that part of the damage. But insofar as parental frailty arises from other sources—cultural meltdown, post-1960's hangovers, family collapse, self-absorption, etc.—the problem cannot be solved by changing only our education-policy arrangements.

Would I, therefore, rather entrust children's fates to Uncle Sam, the NEA, or a coven of ed-school professors? Not for a second. But let us not be Pollyanish about parents, either. Instead, let us face the problem that some of them pose and try to come up with a solution, all the while pressing forward the campaign for school choice. Let me also note that dissatisfaction with contemporary American parents is not confined to me and the teachers' unions. See, for example, Kay Hymowitz's fine new book, *Ready or Not*, and Tom Loveless's perceptive article, "The Parent Trap," in the fall 1999 issue of the *Wilson Quarterly*.

Shostakovich

TO THE EDITOR:

I write in response to "The Composer and the Commissar" [October], Terry Teachout's attempted defense of Solomon Volkov's *Testimony*, a book falsely purporting to be the transcribed memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich, against the criticisms of various scholars including Laurel Fay and myself.

If Mr. Teachout has actually read my article, "The Opera and the Dictator," from which he quotes, then he knows how flagrantly he has misrepresented my position when he places me among "some older, Left-leaning academics" who "find it inconceivable that Shostakovich could have been anything other than a supporter of a regime with which they themselves sympathized." Nor is there anything in Laurel Fay's published writings, which now include a full-scale biography that Mr. Teachout has evidently seen, to support such an allegation. The product of an unfounded and unimaginative assumption, Mr. Teachout's assertion is nothing but a political innuendo.

To have one's scholarly objections answered in such a way is familiar enough to those of us with first-hand experience of life in the Soviet Union, or with what used to pass there for scholarship. Writers like Mr. Teachout, who ten years after the end of the cold war still seek to establish their credentials on the basis of their "impeccably anti-Communist" attitudes, ought to think twice before they appropriate Stalinist tactics. Let me add that, although in my own case the innuendo was false as well as prejudicial, had it been true it would have been no less a smokescreen. It is the smokescreen behind which Solomon Volkov has been hiding now for twenty years, with the help of accomplices like Allan Ho and Dmitry Feofanov, the authors of *Shostakovich Reconsidered*, and now Mr. Teachout (who, as he tells us, used to be less gullible).

Mr. Teachout's incomprehension of the scholarly issues surrounding the Volkov publication is well exemplified in one of the points of "evidence" he offers in its support. He writes, "while it is true that Shostakovich's surviving friends and colleagues are not unanimous about the veracity of *Testimony*, most who have spoken out so far—including Maxim and Galina Shostakovich—believe it to be authentic, in part because the composer had already told them many of the same anecdotes recounted by Volkov." Mr. Teachout uses the terms "veracity" and "authenticity" as if they were interchangeable. But they are entirely separate categories. The one refers to truth or falsity of content, the other to truth or falsity of origin. Scholars are trained to make this distinction: it makes a huge difference.

Laurel Fay's critique, still unanswered by Volkov and answered only glancingly by his apologists, has indeed demolished the book's claim to authenticity. She has found that, with one exception, all the pages Shostakovich signed in attesting to his having read the work attributed to him contain innocuous material, not all of it even of "memoir" character, which had already been published in the Soviet press, reproduced verbatim even down to punctuation and paragraphing. Fay, it should be noted, never asserted outright on this basis that *Testimony* "contained spurious first-person revelations concocted by Volkov himself," as Mr. Teachout now paraphrases her. Any trained scholar knows better than that. She merely raised the possibility, in a scholarly publication, as a warning to other trained scholars that the contents of the book were not properly authenticated and should be used with extreme care.

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Fay may have been incautious in discounting the possibility of total recall on Shostakovich's part. This gave Ho and Feofanov the opportunity to make polemical hay over an irrelevancy. The issue is not whether such material might possibly have been dictated to Volkov by Shostakovich, but rather why it should appear at all in such a book as *Testimony* purports to be, and why it should always appear precisely where it does—that is, on the signed pages. This issue—the only issue of scholarly relevance—is addressed, sketchily and far from convincingly, in one five-page passage in Ho and Feofanov's book, the remaining 782 pages of which are given over to *ad-hominem* attacks on their opponents, and to a massive attempt to prove *Testimony*'s veracity through hearsay corroboration of its contents.

But even if the veracity of *Testimony*'s every word were established, that still would not constitute evidence that Shostakovich uttered them to Volkov. A moment's reflection will suffice to confirm that a book purporting to contain memoirs might be authentic-and-true or inauthentic-and-false, the only possibilities Mr. Teachout entertains. But it might also be authentic-and-false, as I have shown the memoirs Igor Stravinsky dictated to Robert Craft largely were, or even inauthentic-and-true. As the sentence already quoted from Mr. Teachout shows, many of the stories in *Testimony* circulated in oral tradition long before Volkov published them. I heard many of them myself as an exchange student in Moscow in 1971-72. I believed many of them at the time, and I still do. Volkov's book might thus be perfectly true even if Shostakovich himself had nothing to do with it.

But the reality is more complicated than any of the four simplified scenarios I have sketched. In all likelihood *Testimony* is an amalgam of the authentic and the inauthentic, the veridical and the inveridical. The trouble is, nobody can tell which is which, and no matter how many innuendos Mr. Teachout heaps up, until Volkov comes clean we never will be able to.

Those who wish to believe the book will always be able to believe it (most likely selectively) on the promptings of their gut. That is their inalienable right. But scholars have an obligation not to repeat what they believe unless they have evidence to support it beyond its "ring of truth," which can only exist in the ear of the beholder. As Laurel Fay established almost two decades ago, such evidence *Testimony* cannot provide. Had Volkov been content to publish a book about Shostakovich based in part on interviews, rather than a book purporting to be actually if indirectly authored by Shostakovich, it would never have become a best-seller, would never have led to two decades' debate, and would never have, in Mr. Teachout's words, "promised to rewrite the history of modern Russian music."

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When such tests are flunked, it smacks of fraud. It can only be the fraught political atmosphere that continues to swirl around Shostakovich's legacy, at least in minds like Mr. Teachout's, that would induce an otherwise intelligent critic in this one case to forswear, and then denounce, the process of scholarly testing.

RICHARD F. TARUSKIN
El Cerrito, California

TERRY TEACHOUT writes:

It is a novel experience for me to stand accused of engaging in "Stalinist tactics." On the other hand, I cannot imagine being surprised by anything Richard F. Taruskin might possibly say about me, however preposterous. Readers of COMMENTARY may not recognize Mr. Taruskin's stock rhetorical strategies—the sky-high dudgeon, the sneering, arrogant bluster, the disingenuous distortions of inconvenient fact—but writers on musical subjects who are familiar with his work will find his letter characteristic. He is, unlikely as it may seem, one of America's outstanding musicologists; I have profited on numerous occasions from his profound insights into Russian music, and will no doubt continue to do so in the future. Alas, those who dare to take issue with his sometimes highly idiosyncratic opinions are likely to find themselves on the receiving end of the sort of *ad-hominem* abuse he habitually decries (and not infrequently imagines) in others. It is a pity that the peculiarities of his temperament have apparently rendered him incapable of participating in civilized and intellectually honest debate.

Unlike Mr. Taruskin, I do not deal in innuendos. So far as I know, I have read everything he has written about Dmitri Shostakovich, and I know very well that Mr. Taruskin is not now and never has been a defender of the Soviet regime. As is self-evident from its context, my remark about "some older, Left-leaning academics" did not refer either to him or Laurel Fay (about whose age and political beliefs I have no information), but to *other* scholarly participants in the debate over the authenticity of *Testimony*. Nor, as should also be obvious, was I seeking to "establish my credentials" on the basis of my own "impeccably anti-Communist" attitudes: I used the latter phrase to describe the *Russian Review*, the journal in which Fay published her original article on *Testimony* two decades ago.

As for Mr. Taruskin's disingenuousness, let me begin with the following statement: "Fay, it should be noted, never asserted outright . . . that *Testimony* 'contained spurious first-person revelations concocted by Volkov himself,' as Mr. Teachout now paraphrases her." Contrary to what Mr. Taruskin implies, my paraphrase was in no way deceptive. Fay wrote "Shostakovich Versus Volkov: Whose 'Testimony'?" precisely in order to cast doubt on the authenticity of Solomon Volkov's book, and not

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merely because of its alleged plagiarism from Shostakovich's published writings but on various other grounds as well, none of which Mr. Taruskin mentions in his letter (and all of which are addressed in exhaustive detail in Allan Ho and Dmitry Feofanov's *Shostakovich Reconsidered*). Of course, Fay never *directly* asserted the inauthenticity of *Testimony* in her article: that is not how one does such things. She merely suggested it, unmistakably and damningly.

It is also disingenuous of Mr. Taruskin to dismiss as "sketchy," "glancing," and "far from convincing" the detailed discussion by Ho and Feofanov of what he claims to be "the only issue of scholarly relevance" in the matter of *Testimony*. Ho and Feofanov devoted 22 pages of *Shostakovich Reconsidered*—not five, as Mr. Taruskin says—to Volkov's alleged plagiarism, and I found their analysis of the passages in question to be completely convincing, so much so that I felt obliged to retract in print my own earlier statement of support for Fay.

To be sure, I am not an academic, nor do I speak or read Russian. My article on *Shostakovich Reconsidered* was a piece of critical journalism, nothing more. But I know a planted axiom when I see one, and Mr. Taruskin's letter rests on one: he contends that the problem of the authenticity of *Testimony* cannot be settled until Volkov "comes clean," presumably meaning that any evidence short of a confession by Volkov of plagiarism is "hearsay," and thus irrelevant. (It should come as no surprise that Mr. Taruskin declined to attend the New York press conference held last February at which Volkov, for the first time ever, publicly answered questions about *Testimony* from the press and other interested parties.)

In fact—as Mr. Taruskin knows perfectly well, and as my article makes perfectly clear—the *only* way to establish the authenticity of *Testimony* is through the use of hearsay evidence. It is true that the manuscript is not in Shostakovich's handwriting, nor did he sign every page (who would have?), and Volkov's assertion that the book is what he says it is proves nothing in and of itself. But anyone who understands the nature of the Soviet regime should recognize that the "process of scholarly testing" to which Mr. Taruskin pays ritual homage in his letter is simply not applicable to a book written in secret, under conditions of totalitarian repression and surveillance.

In cases such as these, one must perforce deal in probabilities, and judging by the evidence amassed by Ho and Feofanov and (very briefly) summarized in my article, it seems to me highly probable that *Testimony* is authentic—that, in other words, Shostakovich and Volkov did indeed have numerous conversations that formed the basis for a first-person memoir ghostwritten by Volkov and subsequently approved by the composer. Whether it is "authentic-and-false" was not my primary concern; I leave that to the consideration of more qualified persons. But surely it is to the point that *Testimony* is believed to be both authentic and true by a great many people who, unlike Richard Taruskin or Laurel Fay, knew Shostakovich intimately, including his son and daughter.

As it happens, *Shostakovich Reconsidered* is only partly about Fay's article. The bulk of the book is devoted to an equally detailed refutation of what Ho and Feofanov believe to be gross misrepresentations by Western commentators of key aspects of Shostakovich's life and work. Mr. Taruskin himself comes in for frequent and severe criticism, not least for his oft-quoted remark that the composer was "perhaps Soviet Russia's most loyal son"; in his introduction, for example, Vladimir Ashkenazy responds to this fantastic claim by suggesting that "this musicologist . . . simply does not possess enough intelligence" to know better. One can hardly blame Mr. Taruskin for passing over such criticisms in silence, but they suggest that what he has to say about *Shostakovich Reconsidered*—not to mention my own article—should be viewed with due skepticism.

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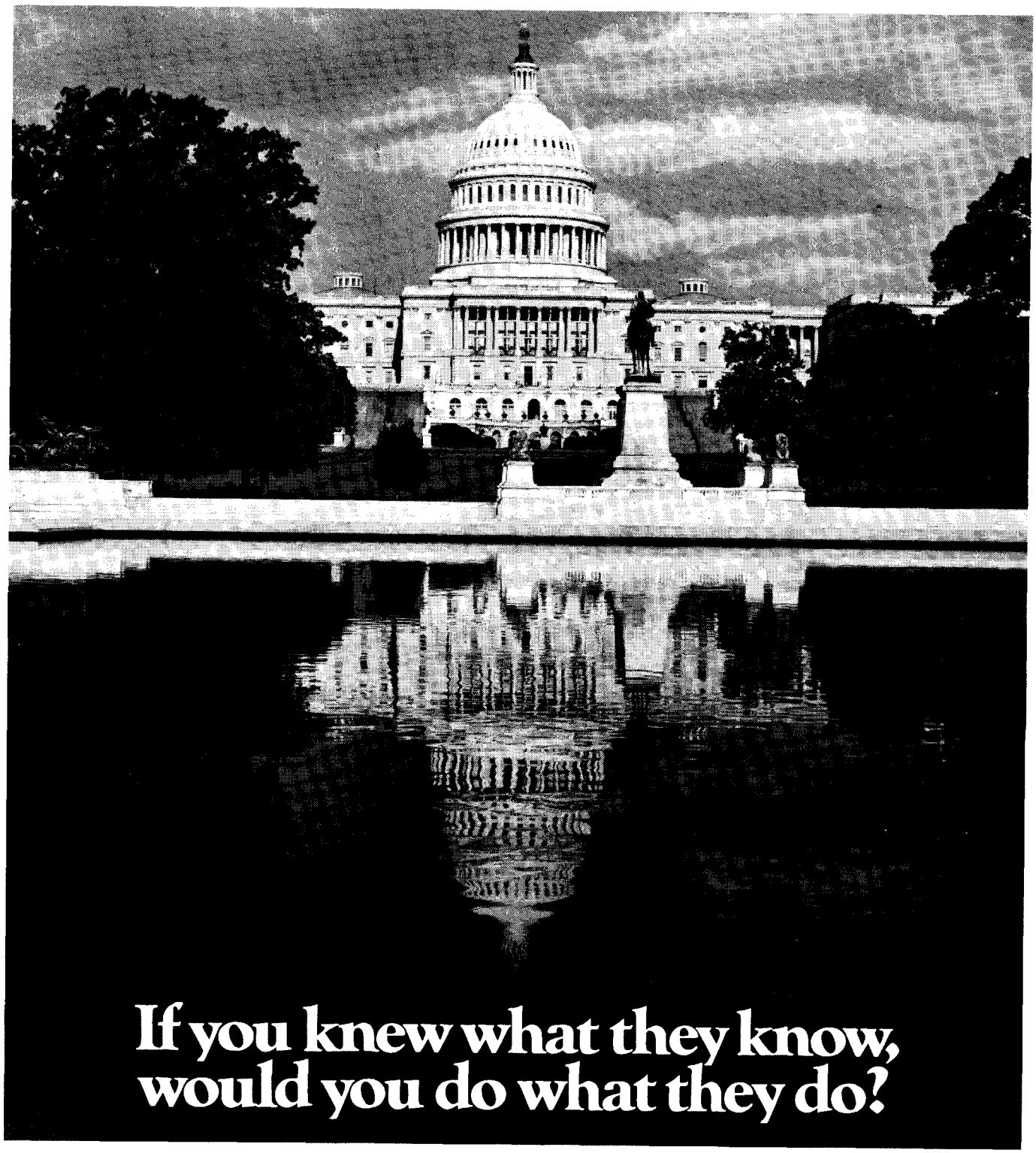

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Commentary
December 1999

Strange Bedfellows: A Guide to the New Foreign-Policy Debates

Norman Podhoretz

ONCE UPON a time, one could predict with near-certainty where people actively concerned about foreign policy would stand on any issue that might arise. But since the end of the cold war, and especially with the eruption of the crises first in Bosnia and then in Kosovo, so many have taken positions so different from what would have been natural to them in the past that it has become impossible to tell where they will come out in any new situation.

This strange development has triggered a whole series of heated debates over the American role in the world—in which, again, many people, on both the Left and the Right, have sided with ideas they once battled against with all their might, and have allied themselves with longtime ideological enemies. The result has been to vindicate, to a degree that may be unprecedented in the annals of political warfare, the old adage that politics makes strange bedfellows.

The most general of these debates has focused on an old question over which historians have never stopped quarreling: whether or not the United States ever was—or is at bottom—a truly isolationist country. That this question is anything but academic was made clear when, only this past October, President Clinton, seconded by a host of overwrought editorialists and op-ed sages, accused the Republicans of having retreated into a "new isolationism" by rejecting a treaty to ban underground nuclear testing. But it is not necessary to accept the conclusion of either one or the other of the two contending overall historical analyses, or of Clinton's charge—reeking, incidentally, of the very "reckless partisanship" of which he accused the Republicans—in order to acknowledge that a strong strain of isolationism has run through this country at least since the end of World War I. Indeed, and Clinton to the contrary notwithstanding, isolationism has at one time or another found a warm welcome among Democrats and their liberal constituents as well as among Republicans and this or that wing of the conservative movement.

As we would expect, the isolationist impulse (perhaps temptation is the better word) has taken different forms among liberals and conservatives—or, if one prefers, on the Left and the Right—and in other camps all along the political spectrum. Each of these groupings, in giving a hospitable home to isolationism, has also been driven by divergent motives appropriate to its respective political culture. Even so, the bottom line has been much the same.

Before going any further, I should pause to point out that neither on the Left nor on the Right (and certainly not in the Center) has isolationism in the past 80 years or so translated into or entailed autarky (as opposed to protectionism). The reason

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this deserves stressing is that it has become common among proponents of one species or another of active American involvement in world affairs to justify their position by asserting that isolationism, even if it were desirable, has been rendered impossible by the global economy. In the world of today, they say, there is no way to avoid active engagement with other countries.

This line is at once banal, irrelevant, and disingenuous. Except conceivably for a few marginalized figures with no influence to speak of, neither the isolationists of the Right nor those of the Left have ever so much as hinted that the United States should refrain from commercial contacts with the world outside, or aim at total economic self-sufficiency by banning exports and imports. George Washington did not have trading partners in mind when he warned us not to "entangle" ourselves in European conflicts; and when John Quincy Adams cautioned against going "abroad in search of monsters to destroy," he was not thinking of driving foreign merchants out of business.

In short, isolationists have never been divided from their interventionist opponents over whether to trade with other countries. The only serious issue has been whether to go to war with them—or even threaten to do so—in any circumstances other than a direct attack on the territory of the United States itself. Not that many isolationists have ever put it so nakedly. They have spoken instead of staying out of wars in which the United States has no "vital interests."

BUT WHAT are our "vital interests"? In a valiant, though not, I fear, altogether successful attempt to spell them out in terms relevant to the world of today, Joseph S. Nye, Jr. of the Kennedy School at Harvard quotes a recent study by Peter Trubowitz that concludes:

> Analysts who assume that America has a discernible national interest whose defense should determine its relations with other nations are unable to explain the persistent failure to achieve domestic consensus on international objects.

I would agree. But I would add that there was nasty contention over this matter even during the cold war, which pundits with tendentiously short memories now represent as an era of happy bipartisan harmony. The consensus that Soviet policies forced upon the contending parties was shaky from the first, and always on the edge of being shattered, especially when a crisis struck. There were "hawks" and there were "doves," and though this split seemed to move along party lines, with the Republicans being the hawks and the Democrats the doves, the divisions were in reality not quite so neat.

To be sure, the Republicans always talked a tougher game, slamming the Democrats as "soft on Communism" and their policy of containment as "cowardly." But all the brave rhetoric about a bolder and more heroic "rollback" of Communism and the "liberation" of Eastern Europe was exposed as mere bravado when the administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower stood idly by in 1956 while the Hungarian revolution was being brutally suppressed by Soviet troops. As the French foreign minister once quipped about the policy of "calculated risk" enunciated by Eisenhower's Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, all it meant was that "he calculated a great deal and risked nothing."

As for the Democrats, to some observers it was a great shock that by the late 1960's they should have become so closely identified with dovishness. After all, their party's tradition, by then going back a half-century, was more bellicose than pacific. It was under a Democratic administration headed by Woodrow Wilson that the United States had entered World War I; it was under a Democratic administration headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt that the United States had gone to war against Germany and Japan; it was under a Democratic administration headed by Harry S. Truman that the United States had gone to war in Korea; it was under a Democratic administration headed by John F. Kennedy that the United States had gone to war in Vietnam; and it was under a Democratic administration headed by Lyndon B. Johnson that the United States had escalated its involvement in that war. When Bob Dole, Gerald Ford's running-mate in the 1976 presidential campaign against Jimmy Carter, remarked that it was the Democrats who always got us into wars, he created a great scandal—yet he was stating the simple truth.

THE PROBLEM was that by then, things had changed. So much so that the late Meg Greenfield of the *Washington Post*, an old-style Democratic hawk who herself had become more dovish (if less so than most of her political friends) could dryly wonder whether the Democrats and the liberal community at large would countenance the use of force under any circumstance short of an invasion of San Diego. Her witty exaggeration uncovered another simple truth: that isolationism had always been a close cousin to pacifism. And this

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natural affinity had manifested itself with great salience when control of the Democratic party was seized by the forces behind George McGovern in 1972.

What accounted for so momentous a change in the ethos of the Democrats and their liberal base? The short answer, as everyone knows, was Vietnam. McGovern's campaign slogan, "Come Home, America," was supposedly just a call for withdrawal from Vietnam, but it was intended—and was understood—to have much broader isolationist implications. At the same time, the progress the Soviet Union was steadily making in the development of its long-range missile technology gave a great boost to fears of a nuclear holocaust; and this in turn encouraged the luxuriant efflorescence of a new kind of pacifism that had been in existence since the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945 but had never really gotten off the ground until now: nuclear pacifism.

While the cold war was still going on, this combination of isolationism and pacifism, both of the conventional and nuclear varieties, was pretty much confined to the new breed of Democrats and their liberal constituents, including many who had long been interventionist hawks.[1] Even a formerly enthusiastic liberal cold-warrior like the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. could as early as 1967 say of the struggle against Communism, which still had over twenty long years to go: "*la guerre est finie.*"

BUT DILUTED dosages of the same combination of elements had enough influence in American politics to affect the Right as well. Thus, Richard Nixon was elected President in 1968 at least partly on the promise that he had a "plan" for extricating us from Vietnam. In this, he was following the example of Eisenhower, who had campaigned, with Nixon himself as his running-mate, on a pledge to get us out of the Korean war ("I will go to Korea"). Later, as President, Nixon promulgated a new doctrine, according to which any Soviet-sponsored aggression would be handled by American surrogates within the affected region. We would supply them with arms and political and diplomatic support, but not with troops. From now on, they were the ones who would have to do the deterring and, if deterrence should break down, they would also have to do the fighting by themselves and on their own.

It would be ridiculous to call Nixon or his chief foreign-policy adviser Henry Kissinger an isolationist and/or a pacifist. Nevertheless the "Nixon Doctrine" represented a reluctant and heavy-hearted bow to what they saw as a new political reality: the determination of the American people never to fight again in distant wars that did not self-evidently have something to do with *them*. Korea had more or less been forgotten, in spite of the more than 50,000 American soldiers killed in that war and the 30,000 still stationed there. Yet thanks to the success of the (false) argument that Vietnam was a civil war that we had mistakenly interpreted as an instance of Soviet (or was it Chinese?) expansionism, Nixon and Kissinger (and Nixon's successor Gerald Ford, who kept Kissinger on as Secretary of State) believed that military intervention in analogous conflicts was now politically out of the question.

They were right. But when even the Nixon Doctrine proved an insufficient concession to the new political reality, they soon discovered that things had gone farther than they thought. To Kissinger's enduring and justified bitterness, Congress refused to approve the sending of military aid, never mind American pilots flying B-52 bombers, to South Vietnam when, in violation of the peace treaty he had negotiated, it was invaded by the regular North Vietnamese army. Adding insult to dishonor, Congress also turned down Kissinger's pleas for aid to the forces in Angola who were fighting troops that had been sent there by Communist Cuba at the behest of the USSR.[2]

[1] Here they were joined by the libertarians. For when it came to issues of national defense, the libertarians, whose commitment to the free market and limited government normally led to an identification with the Right, were instead allies of the Left. There were (and are) exceptions, like Charles Murray, but most libertarians tended toward isolationism and pacifism if only because arms buildups and wars—not to mention conscription, which they opposed (and still do)—had the inevitable consequence of making our own government more powerful.

[2] Kissinger is largely right in claiming in *Years of Renewal*, the third and concluding volume of his memoirs, that the neoconservatives of the 70's like Jeane Kirkpatrick and me did not back him in his appeals for help to South Vietnam and Cambodia when there might still have been time. But he is entirely mistaken in stating that we ignored "the African forces resisting the Soviet-Cuban intervention in Angola." Quite the contrary: as is demonstrated conclusively in a number of articles by various authors in COMMENTARY under my editorship, and later in several columns by both Mrs. Kirkpatrick and myself, the neoconservatives put their weight unreservedly behind the Angolans who were fighting to expel the Cubans—first Holden Roberto and then Jonas Savimbi. Mrs. Kirkpatrick also spoke at meetings convened to honor Savimbi.

On the other hand, some of Kissinger's latter-day conservative critics have not only been too harsh on him, both in retrospect—and I say this even though I was very harsh myself on his policy toward the Soviet Union throughout the 70's—but also in discussing his positions in the present. So fixated are they on their disagreements with him as to have forgotten that their real antagonists are the same liberals to whom he has always been an even greater villain than they, even to the extent of being stigmatized as a "war criminal."

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But the form of pacifism that enjoyed the most widespread appeal, and that had a much greater influence on the Republicans under Nixon and Ford, was directed at nuclear rather than conventional war. At one extreme, nuclear pacifism spawned movements to abolish nuclear weapons altogether or, as intermediate steps toward that end, to "freeze" them unilaterally and to ban testing of the existing stock. Within the political mainstream, however, nuclear pacifism took the more prudential form of arms control. But if the form was prudential, the substance was embraced with a veritably religious passion by virtually all politicians in both major parties and all major shapers of opinion.

The idea here was that agreements could be negotiated with the Soviet Union that would lessen the danger of nuclear war by reducing the size of the nuclear arsenals on both sides (while at the same time efforts could be made to keep such weapons out of the hands of other countries through nonproliferation treaties). In promoting this idea, the reputedly hawkish Republicans, rather than the newly dovish Democrats, took the lead. Certainly they had plenty of support from these Democrats. But it was also a Democrat, Senator Henry M. Jackson, from whom the main opposition came to the agreements that were actually negotiated by the Nixon and Ford administrations: the first Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT I) and the Antiballistic Missile Treaty (ABM). Standing behind Jackson, moreover, were organizations like the Coalition for a Democratic Majority and the Committee on the Present Danger. (The latter, founded some years later to oppose SALT II, also included a number of conservative Republicans, among them Ronald Reagan, who on foreign policy disagreed with what was then considered the center of his party.)

Dissenters aside, however, the spirit of isolationism and pacifism (mainly but not exclusively of the nuclear variety) hovered over the face of American political culture from the late 1960's and up until the election of Reagan in 1980. Reagan, of course, changed all that in his first term as President. He sponsored an arms buildup; he restored the reputation and the morale of the military services; and he defied both the nuclear-freeze movement and the worldwide clamor against deployment of intermediate-range missiles in Europe to match a similar class of weapons on the Soviet side. Underscoring this, he spoke so forthrightly of the evils of the Communist system, which he even went so far as to declare was entering its last days, that he was accused (by Americans and West Europeans as well as by the Soviets themselves) of intending to unleash a nuclear war.

The great irony here is that Reagan himself was a nuclear pacifist who entertained the fantasy of abolishing these weapons altogether. That it was a fantasy was clear: even if both the United States and the Soviet Union were to destroy their stockpiles, there was no way to induce the amnesia necessary to keep them from being built again. This was one (but only one) of the reasons Reagan believed so deeply in the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) and offered to share it with the Soviets. If, he imagined, a defense against nuclear missiles could successfully be deployed, there would never be any point in using them, and this would be the functional equivalent of abolition.

An even greater irony is that, as we have now learned from former Soviet officials themselves, this product of Reagan's nuclear pacifism was one of the most important factors in the collapse of the Soviet Union. American liberals, with backing from their ideological comrades in the scientific community, ridiculed the very idea of SDI so effectively that to this day no defense against missiles has been fully developed. But the Soviets, far from dismissing the feasibility of such a defense, were terrified of it. They had no doubt that it could be successfully deployed by the United States, and that it would render their entire nuclear arsenal obsolete. Recognizing as well that they had neither the resources nor the technological ability to match us, they embarked under Mikhail Gorbachev on a series of reforms that they hoped would spring them from the predicament in which they were trapped. Instead, these reforms blew their whole system apart.

BY THE time the Soviet empire disintegrated and the Soviet Union itself disappeared, Reagan had retired and been succeeded by George Bush. Not long before the USSR was destroyed by the very "internal contradictions" that Karl Marx had predicted would finish off the capitalist world, a high Soviet official gloated that Gorbachev had deprived us of our enemy, thereby leaving us at a loss for what to do in the world. He had his finger on something there. But it was only when our deprivation would finally become complete (though not exactly in the sense the Soviet official had intended) that his taunt took on a force it had lacked before.

With the cold war over, *everyone* seemed at sea where foreign policy was concerned. Against whom

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were we now supposed to be defending ourselves, or maintaining our military strength to deter, or, if all else failed, to fight? China, which was still Communist? Iran, which was still wildly anti-American? Terrorism, stemming from the Islamic world?

Each of these was nominated for the now-vacant position of chief danger, but there was nothing remotely approaching even the shaky and unstable agreement over the Soviet threat that had guided American foreign policy since the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947. Contemplating this lack of clarity, I thought that the isolationist tendencies which had been so visible even during the cold war would now return in full force. I was also fairly confident that along with these tendencies a political culture that had already been "debellicized"[3] would give rise to a more blatant and widespread pacifism than we had seen since the 1930's.

Reasonable as such a prediction seemed, it could not have been more mistaken. Less than two years after the end of the cold war, a major enemy appeared in Iraq named Saddam Hussein whom no one had ever proposed as a contender for so exalted a position. To my amazement, George Bush (with a push from the British prime minister Margaret Thatcher) decided to take him on. More amazing yet, Bush managed to get congressional approval and public support for sending half-a-million American troops halfway around the world to drive Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait, the tiny country he had invaded, presumably as a first step toward getting his hands on the oil fields of the Middle East. Ronald Reagan might have set a precedent by engaging in a few military actions like the invasion of Grenada and the bombing of Libya: but in size and scope, these were mere pinpricks compared with the "Desert Storm" operation launched by Bush in the Persian Gulf.

Far from being engulfed by a tidal wave of isolationism and pacifism, then, we were confronted by its very opposite. And what made this development even more impressive was the fierce resistance Bush encountered in carrying it through. Many liberals opposed going to war against Iraq on the ground that the only (!) national interest we had in doing so was our crassly commercial concern for maintaining a flow of cheap oil from the region. This was reminiscent of the protests spawned by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979—protests not against the invasion itself (a possible prelude, it was feared, to a Soviet move on the oil fields of the Persian Gulf) but against the measures Jimmy Carter, then in the White House, tried to take in response to it, especially his call for a resumption of draft registration. In answer had come demonstrations on college campuses featuring placards reading "Are a few barrels of oil worth the shedding of a drop of blood?" and "We won't fight for Exxon" and—most telling of all—"There is nothing worth dying for."

This time around, in the debates preceding the Gulf war, the liberal pacifists were joined by a gaggle of conservatives who had previously always been hawkish. Some, like Edward N. Luttwak of the Center for Strategic and International Studies, falling back on a traditional scare tactic of pacifist polemics, predicted that tens of thousands of "body bags" would be shipped home from the war then being planned (shades of Senator Edward M. Kennedy's warning after the invasion of Afghanistan that war in the Persian Gulf would mean "a nightly television body count of America's children"). Other former hawks, like Patrick J. Buchanan, the commentator-turned-perennial-presidential-candidate, shared in this assessment. And Buchanan added to it by resurrecting a thinly disguised version of the old isolationist argument of the 30's that the Jews were dragging us into a war against Hitler.[4]

THERE WAS no chance that Bush could win over the likes of these conservatives. But he did ultimately secure the grudging acquiescence of Congress by assembling an international coalition to join us in going to war against Iraq and by getting the United Nations to approve the use of force for the limited objective of driving Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait. So long as it could be seen as "multi-lateral," and so long as it had the imprimatur of the UN, the war was legitimized in the minds of all those in Congress, the media, and the universities who had grown accustomed to blaming the United States for anything bad that happened anywhere in the world.

These were the people who believed that the Cambodian Communists of the Khmer Rouge had murdered nearly half their own population because we had driven them to desperate measures; that American hostages had been taken in Iran because we had supported the Shah for so many years; that the Soviets had invaded Afghanistan because we had

[3] That is, rendered unwarlike. This was a term I coined as a more precise alternative to pacifist, but it never took.

[4] In 1999, Buchanan would come out of the isolationist closet altogether in a book maintaining that Hitler had posed no threat to the United States and that our interests would better have been served by staying out of World War II. (For more on this point, see Gabriel Schoenfeld's article later in this issue—ED.)

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both frightened them and undercut their incentive to restraint by questioning the SALT II treaty.

Absurd as such beliefs were, they would have seemed rational by comparison with holding America responsible for provoking Saddam Hussein into invading Kuwait. (Actually, the opposite was true: to the extent that we were responsible, it was because our ambassador had previously given Saddam what he reasonably interpreted as a green light for his plans.) In any event, the fact that so many other nations, even including such members of the Arab world as Syria and Saudi Arabia, were willing to join with the United States in this military campaign, and that it received the blessing of the UN, finally persuaded a narrow majority of Congress to go along with Bush.

Our spectacular victory, made possible by the arms buildup under Reagan, also made fools out of all those who had predicted that beating Saddam Hussein would cost us tens of thousands of casualties. (The total number of Americans killed was 146, and only 67 were wounded, with no small percentage of these resulting from "friendly fire.") Naturally there was much exultant talk—including by me—of how we had finally overcome the combination of isolationism, pacifism, and anti-Americanism that comprised the "post-Vietnam syndrome."

SUCH TALK, however, was muted almost to silence when Bill Clinton followed George Bush into the White House in January 1993. Here was a President who during the campaign had been exposed as a shameless draft dodger in the Vietnam war and who at the time had also expressed his loathing for the military. In spite of this record, he had managed to beat George Bush, a man who served heroically in World War II and had then pulled off the feat of fighting and winning the Gulf war.

This seemed to suggest that, with the cold war over, an anti-military bias with strong pacifist overtones was no longer an obstacle to being elected President of the United States. The same conclusion could be drawn from the polls showing that one of the main reasons Clinton won was that Bush was perceived as having devoted himself too much to foreign affairs and not enough to domestic issues. "It's the economy, stupid" trumped Desert Storm because the American voting public evidently now felt that the time had come to "reorder our priorities" and concentrate on problems at home instead of spending so much money and energy on the outside world.

Clinton, a born policy wonk, was all too happy to work toward satisfying this quasi-isolationist demand, and he did not even wait to be sworn in before plunging headlong into conferences and position papers aimed at righting everything he felt was wrong with American society. As for the military, he showed his old pacifist-tinged contempt for its traditions and standards by pressing for abolition of the rules against accepting open homosexuals into its ranks. On this he was forced to back down, but there was no comparable pressure exerted—not even by most Republicans—against the deep cuts he proposed and carried out in spending both on conventional and nuclear weapons.

The reason gutting the military proved so easy was that no one, least of all the President himself, could construct a plausible scenario of the threats our armed forces might be required to defend against. True, the invasion of Kuwait by Iraq had also shown that unforeseen developments could occur for which we needed to be prepared. But the exultant sense of triumph brought by the Gulf war had been soured by the premature cessation of hostilities that left the defeated Saddam Hussein in power while his victorious American opponent was being ousted from office by a democratic electorate. More and more, that is, the Gulf war looked like an aberration rather than a sign that the post-Vietnam syndrome had finally been overcome; and more and more, Clinton's election seemed to signify movement toward a full-fledged resurgence of isolationism and pacifism.

Why indeed should this not happen? Quite apart from the problem of the absent threat, there was a history at work here both on the Left and on the Right. It had taken Nazism to arouse the American Left from its traditional isolationist and pacifist slumbers, and it had then taken Communism to do the same for the Right. With the defeat of Nazism, and after the delay caused by the onset of the cold war, the isolationist-pacifist strain had gradually begun to surface again on the Left in various mutations and adaptations. The process culminated in the nomination by the Democratic party of George McGovern, whose followers had never had any real stomach for fighting Communism, and who remained in control of the party long after McGovern himself was defeated in a rout by Richard Nixon in 1972. Now the same process was gathering steam on the Right, especially among those who had been more gung-ho about fighting Communists than Nazis.

In fact, a good deal of the support attracted by Senator Joseph McCarthy when he took out after

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the "striped-pants boys in the State Department" (a code phrase for pro-British Wasps) was based on the lingering and resentful conviction that, in allying ourselves with Stalin against Hitler in World War II, we had chosen the wrong enemy. In the 50's, after the Holocaust had made the open expression of anti-Semitism taboo in America, McCarthy went out of his way to avoid blaming the Jews along with the Wasps as many right-wing isolationists of the 30's had done. But in the run-up to the Gulf war, some 40 years later, the taboo having by then been weakened, Patrick J. Buchanan suffered from no such inhibition. He all but explicitly accused American Jews of acting on the orders of Israel in trying to drag us into a war against our own interests. For this, although criticized, he was not discredited, indicating that the old right-wing isolationism, even in its most virulent incarnations, was once again back in play.

THIS HISTORY and its contemporary echoes persuaded me when Clinton was elected that the Left and the Right would once again come together in an unholy alliance based on isolationism and pacifism. This was what had occurred in the period between the two world wars in, for example, the America First Committee. The leaders of that organization ran the gamut from the rightist Charles Lindbergh—not a Nazi but a great admirer of Hitler's accomplishments in bringing Germany back from the prostrate condition in which defeat in World War I had left it—to Norman Thomas, the pacifist head of the Socialist party, on the Left. Closer to the center, the liberal weekly, the *New Republic*, had also been in the isolationist camp in those years.

Plausible or not, my prediction was again wrong, if not quite so wrong as it had been with respect to the immediate aftermath of the cold war. First of all, as President, Clinton turned out to be less averse to military power than his past attitudes would have suggested. He authorized continued enforcement by American warplanes of the no-fly zone that was one of the few prices Saddam Hussein had had to pay for his defeat in the Gulf war; he intervened in Somalia; he sent American troops into Bosnia and bombers to Kosovo.

Without a doubt, all this was executed badly, with a host of mistakes before, during, and after. Michael Mandelbaum of the Council on Foreign Relations, borrowing a phrase first branded on the botched invasion of the Bay of Pigs in 1961, even called Kosovo "a perfect failure." But I would say of Clinton's use of military force what Dr. Johnson said of "a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Even more surprising was the support Clinton received from the liberal community. From the moment the war in Vietnam began going badly for us, that community—like the young Clinton himself—had turned against the American military with a vengeance. Not only did it press for a withdrawal from Vietnam, and not only did it treat returning veterans of the war like criminals, but it also clamored incessantly for slashing the military budget and for virtually any and all schemes of nuclear disarmament (in plenty of cases, up to and including unilateral disarmament). Most liberals supported the nuclear-freeze movement, tried to stop the deployment of medium-range missiles in Europe to balance those already put in place by the Soviet Union, and fought tooth and nail against doing anything that might afford even a slight degree of protection for the United States against incoming missiles.

Now, all of a sudden, the liberal community was sounding positively bloodthirsty. My favorite example was the *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis. In the past, Lewis had denounced the United States as the terror of the earth, and had backed up this grotesque libel by describing the so-called Christmas bombing of North Vietnam in 1972 as "a crime against humanity" and "the most terrible destruction in the history of man."[5] Yet during the Clinton administration, Lewis's only criticisms of the President were for waiting too long before taking up arms in Bosnia and then for going too easy on Slobodan Milosevic's Serbia in Kosovo. Lewis was joined in these complaints by other liberals, some of whom, like David Rieff, had a more complex position but also faulted Clinton for failing to employ ground troops in Kosovo and to do whatever might be necessary to get rid of Milosevic.

How to explain this incredible turnaround in people who, as recently as the Gulf war, had almost all still been stuck in their old anti-military posture? Some commentators speculated that the multilateral character of Clinton's military operations took the curse off them for liberals who had long feared that American power, if left to its own unilateral devices, would only be put to the service of ends they considered wicked or unworthy. "The project of liberal foreign policy," wrote the colum-

[5] The absurdity of these libelous charges was exposed by Hanoi itself. According to its own figures, about 1,500 people were killed, as against the 35,000 in Dresden and the 84,000 in Tokyo during the World War II raids with which the Christmas bombing was also compared by other liberals.

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nist Charles Krauthammer, for example, "is to build an entangling web of interdependence; the point is to tie down Gulliver with a million little strings—i.e., to equalize power relations by restraining an overweening America."

Yes; but why had this rule not been applied to the Gulf war, whose multilateral character had failed to work the same magic on liberals? The reason was that while multilateralism provided a necessary condition of liberal support, it did not constitute a sufficient one. As has by now been pointed out many times, the ingredient that had to be added was selflessness. Because the Gulf war had been fought to secure a major source of our supply of oil, it had been tainted by self-interest in the eyes of liberals. But to those same liberal eyes, no clear national interest or material advantage was visible in the Bosnian and Kosovo interventions: both were undertaken, or so it was thought, purely for humanitarian reasons, and for the sake of protecting people whose human rights were being violated by Milosevic. Hence they were permissible, even mandatory.

NOTHING QUITE so perverse as this bizarre mindset showed up among conservatives. Nor did the various groupings to the right of center respond to the end of the cold war by turning themselves so completely inside out—except, that is, for the two interesting instances I already mentioned in connection with the Gulf war, Edward N. Luttwak and Patrick J. Buchanan.

Of these, the more important was Buchanan. While the cold war was going on, no one had been more bellicose than Buchanan, or more determined to side with any country or political force fighting against the Soviet Union or such of its clients as the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and the African National Congress in South Africa. But the Buchanan who first showed the whites of his eyes in the weeks before we went to war in the Persian Gulf was a new political animal.

What made the greatest splash (because of the scandal it unleashed) was his change toward Israel. In the past, while not precisely as friendly as he would later claim ("from June of '67 . . . until I went back into the White House in 1985, I was an uncritical apologist for Israel"), he had now become unambiguously hostile toward Israel and its Jewish supporters in America to boot. But an even more dramatic transformation became apparent in his resort to the same hoary polemical weapon drawn from the pacifist arsenal that Luttwak was wielding (that is, nonstop warnings of the heavy casualties he was certain would be exacted by the war).

On top of being startling, this position was also incoherent, in that it remained unaffected by the very factor that was incurring liberal opposition to Bush and that should have won Buchanan's approval: the vital interest the United States had in preventing Saddam Hussein from controlling the flow of oil from the Middle East. Coupled with the xenophobic chauvinism that seemed to be the only thing left of the old Buchanan, such indifference made no sense.

But it was still early days in Buchanan's conversion into a born-again disciple of Father Charles Coughlin, who in the 30's had preached a virulent combination of isolationism, populist resentment against "Wall Street," and anti-Semitism. As the years went by, Buchanan would add appropriately updated versions of the missing Coughlinite elements by espousing protectionism (the economic face of isolationism) and ranting against the big corporations of the new globalist economy who pursued their own profits without any reference to American interests or any concern over the loss of jobs for American workers.

Luttwak—the only other prominent conservative to match the liberals in a thoroughgoing reversal of position—had been one of the most brilliant hawks to appear during the cold war.[6] Like the new Buchanan, the made-over Luttwak first hove into public view when he came out against Desert Storm (though in sharp contrast to Buchanan, he predicted—not, as things would turn out, altogether mistakenly—that the war would be bad rather than good for Israel). Like Buchanan, too, he would later lace into the big American corporations which were practicing something he called "turbo-capitalism."

As if to demonstrate that he had not altogether lost his old talent for imparting an unusual twist to an argument (the isolationist one this time), the new Luttwak wrote an article for *Foreign Affairs* entitled "Give War a Chance." There he attempted to show that when local conflicts were allowed to run their course, they usually ended in resolution and peace. The moral of the story was that if the United States wanted to pursue humanitarian ends and to alleviate "human suffering," it could best do so by staying out of "other people's wars" and "dissuad[ing] multilateral interventions instead of leading them." But, lacking the following Buchanan assembled by galloping in his latest incarnation into

[6] Many of his best articles appeared in these pages.

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the arena of electoral politics, the new Luttwak, in any event too clever by half, had no discernible influence.

Although they were the most extreme by far, Luttwak and Buchanan were by no means the only conservative hawks who became dovish to one degree or another after the cold war was over. Into this category also fell another grouping, the members of whom belonged to the realist, or *Realpolitik*, school of thought in foreign policy. The ideas of Henry Kissinger (who had become the most authoritative theorist of this school after the defection by the late Hans J. Morgenthau in the latter years of the Vietnam war to the forces of sanctimonious moralism) inevitably exerted an influence over these newly dovish realists. Yet Kissinger parted company with them on too many issues to be considered a true member of their camp, let alone their leader. Besides, the détente policy he had adopted toward the Soviet Union as Nixon's Secretary of State, while not exactly dovish, had been far enough from hawkish to arouse the ire of some of the very conservatives who were hard-liners then and had become more dovish now.

DÉTENTE HAD been based on a resigned acceptance of the permanence of the Soviet empire, from which it followed that arms control, diplomatic initiatives, and economic incentives were the only ways to achieve what Kissinger has recently characterized as "a more reliable pattern of coexistence."

By contrast, the hard-liners of the 70's (among whom was Ronald Reagan, then a relative newcomer to electoral politics) did not believe that the Soviet empire should be regarded as eternal, or that our goal should be "a more reliable pattern of coexistence"—still less that its preservation was in our interest.[7] These hard-liners also thought Moscow still had global ambitions, and therefore advocated squeezing it rather than treating it as a "normal" state.

Of course, Kissinger and Nixon were themselves strong anti-Communists as well as devotees and practitioners of *Realpolitik*. Yet it was realism that won out over anti-Communism in the most spectacular example of their efforts (in Kissinger's words) to "seize the initiative and control the diplomatic process." This was the opening to China. From the realist perspective, it was a great triumph, driving a wedge between the two major Communist powers; even many hard-line anti-Communists, to whom an alliance with Communist China against the Soviet Union was analogous to the one we had made with the Soviet Union in fighting Hitler, applauded it as a masterstroke.

But other hard-liners, I among them, saw matters differently. I said then, and still say now, that the Sino-Soviet split had no connection with anything the United States did or did not do; nor did we get anything from playing the "China card" that we would not have gotten without it except the placement of our military listening posts on the Chinese side of the Sino-Soviet border. But to my mind, this advantage was outweighed by the intellectual confusion growing out of our new relations with China. In the American policy of holding the line against any further expansion of Soviet power, no one, up until that moment, could easily distinguish between ideology and power politics. Indeed, the spread of Communist influence anywhere in the world was generally (if not universally) taken as an indirect form of such expansion through surrogates and puppets. It therefore fell under the imperatives of the "containment" policy first officially enunciated in the Truman Doctrine of 1947 and given its most lucid public justification by George F. Kennan in his anonymous *Foreign Affairs* article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct."

However, in allying itself with Communist China (even if, for diplomatic reasons, the word "alliance" was never used), the United States was in effect announcing that the enemy in the cold war was not Communism but Russia. This being the case, the methods of *Realpolitik* were best suited to dealing with it. Those of us who disagreed—who, in other words, saw the cold war as a struggle against Communism, not against Russia as such—feared that the new turn of events would confuse public opinion about the true nature of the enemy, and that the willingness of the American people to go on supporting the struggle would thereby be undermined. For we had no doubt that this willingness had always been based—as our own was—on a moral and ideological opposition to Communism rather than to Russia as a nation. We even shared Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's view that Russia

[7] This idea—that the disintegration of the Soviet empire was too dangerous and should therefore not be encouraged—came to be known as the Sonnenfeldt Doctrine, after Helmut Sonnenfeldt, one of Kissinger's chief deputies. Sonnenfeldt himself denied that he had propounded any such doctrine, but, the question of authorship aside, the idea itself had been one of the assumptions behind American policy since our failure under Eisenhower, a Republican, to help the Hungarians when they rose up against the Soviet puppet regime in 1956 and under Lyndon Johnson, a Democrat, to help the Czechs who did the same thing in 1968. Even Reagan would act as though he accepted this doctrine in responding passively in 1982 to the declaration of martial law in Poland after the Solidarity Union's challenge to the Polish Communist leadership.

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and its people were the first *victims* of Communism, and not (in contrast to Germany and even Austria under Nazism) its enthusiastic supporters and apostles.

Since the end of the cold war and the discrediting of Communism, Kissinger has been much more consistent than his critics (or for that matter his admirers), both past and present, have understood. As a realist, he has continued to worry about a Russia that in his assessment remains a potential danger to the West by virtue of its geographical location, its history, and its national character. While he always clearly recognized that Communism had exacerbated this danger, he never believed that Communism had created it; therefore, the disappearance of Communism could not have removed it, either.

When it comes to China, conversely, Kissinger is less worried today about the continued existence of Communism. He (along with practically everyone else) is convinced the country has loosened up considerably since the days of Mao and will be forced by economic factors to loosen up even further, becoming, if not democratic, then at least more authoritarian than totalitarian. Moreover, and most importantly, in his realist analysis, China is not expansionist, as Russia was before it ever became Communist and will some day (he thinks) become again. If the Chinese should show signs of developing imperial aspirations, the same realist perspective—shaped by considerations of regional stability and the balance of power—would, he has vowed, immediately drive him into advocating that a policy of containment be put into place against them.[8]

THIS SPECIES of consistency, along with his record in office and his positions on NATO expansion and some other issues, separates Kissinger from the post-cold-war conservative realists, leaving the way open for other contenders for leadership. The most notable are Owen Harries, the editor of the *National Interest*, and the columnist Charles Krauthammer.

What makes Harries and Krauthammer better suited than Kissinger (or such other aspirants as Fareed Zakaria of *Foreign Affairs* and Peter Rodman of the Nixon Center) is that they were hawks during the cold war who most often gave priority to anti-Communism over realism and not the other way around, but who with the end of the cold war have become more unqualifiedly committed to realism as well as more dovish. In a series of eloquent and powerfully argued pieces, Harries and Krauthammer have each lambasted American military action in Yugoslavia in particular and the entire concept of "humanitarian intervention" lying behind it.[9]

As befits his realist outlook, Harries has put a special emphasis on the heavy costs he sees being exacted by this policy in our relations both with Russia and China, especially coming on the heels of the expansion of NATO "up to the Russian frontier," which (unlike Kissinger) he also strongly opposed. Krauthammer, for his part, while having supported the Gulf war and still endorsing military force to protect Taiwan and South Korea, has ridiculed the interventions in Bosnia and Kosovo where, in his estimation, we have no vital interest. If the Europeans feel that stability in that part of their continent is so important, let them do the job without us. As for "peacekeeping" in such places, "it is a worthy job. But it is not a job for the United States. It is a job for Sweden." (In another piece, he has wickedly assigned the task to his native Canada.)

Krauthammer, however, is not as alarmed as some of his like-minded political friends about the whole idea of humanitarian war: it is, he has concluded, an idea whose time has come and gone. In spite of the best efforts of Clinton and his Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, to pretend that they are guided by a nobler approach to international affairs, the ineluctable dictates of *Realpolitik* have already rendered moot any such policy. It is, Krauthammer observes approvingly, precisely *Realpolitik* that explains why we intervened in Kosovo but not in East Timor when the Indonesians responded violently to a vote for independence in that province: "We blithely bombed our way into Yugoslavia because the country we needed to bludgeon is of no strategic significance. We did not bomb our way into Indonesia because that country is of immense strategic significance."

In Krauthammer's opinion, staying out of Indonesia was a wise policy, and he regrets that the President seemed to feel that enunciating or defending it would bring discredit upon his administration. (Of course, the President might not have

[8] The very consistency with which Kissinger has held to this analysis belies the scurrilous charge that his ideas about China have been shaped by the commercial interests some clients of his consulting firm have there.

[9] Kissinger at first took the same position on Kosovo, but true to his longstanding belief in the importance of credibility as an essential strategic resource, he switched to advocating an American victory once we had become involved. Krauthammer was less bothered on this score: "The good news is that this most recent loss of credibility means little, given that this administration had so little to begin with."

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defended the policy because he did not himself quite realize that he was following it, or why.)

BUT IF the end of the cold war has brought a change of position ranging from 180 degrees to lesser but still significant shifts among many liberals and conservatives alike, one group has held steadfastly to the perspective it began developing in the early 70's.

This group is made up mainly of neoconservatives, who (unlike their former political friends and allies Luttwak, Krauthammer, and Harries) have discovered no good ground for abandoning the hard line they took during the cold war. But this is putting it too gently, since they perceive as much reason under current conditions as during the cold war to press for what William Kristol of the *Weekly Standard* and Robert Kagan of the Carnegie Endowment describe as a "neo-Reaganite foreign policy."

The group includes a few former officials of the Reagan administration like Elliott Abrams (now president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center), Richard Perle (now at the American Enterprise Institute), and Frank Gaffney (now head of the Center for Security Policy), together with Joshua Muravchik and Michael Ledeen (also at AEI). Most of these are still young enough to be classified as second-generation neoconservatives, but they are also joined by such founders and elders of their tribe as Reagan's ambassador to the UN, Jeane Kirkpatrick. Since I, too, am one of these elders, I should now begin referring to the group as we rather than they.[10]

It is in the pages of such magazines as COMMENTARY, the *Weekly Standard*, and *National Review*—with daily booster shots from the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Post*—as well as in a number of books that we have pressed our case.[11] The particulars on which everyone more or less agrees begin with the issue of the American military. We are all persuaded that the cuts in the defense budget have been much too deep, and that along with beefing up both our conventional and nuclear forces, we are in urgent need of the protection against missiles that Reagan envisaged and that after so many years has still not been provided. This means abrogating the ABM treaty and, beyond that, giving up on the delusion that arms-control agreements can make much, if any, contribution to our safety and security.

All of us, accordingly, applauded the Senate's refusal in October to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty. Clinton may have interpreted this refusal as the return of a "new isolationism," and the *New York Times*, in a display so hysterical that it was almost funny, may have chimed in with the charge that this was the most disastrous action the Senate had taken since it had failed to ratify the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. But what we saw in it was an intelligent recognition of the defects in a bad agreement, the possible dawning of a long-delayed understanding of the realities of arms control in general, and an act of rare political courage.

There is also agreement on China. No one imagines that China today poses the kind or dimension of the threat that the Soviet Union once presented, but we all insist that it should not be helped by the United States to develop into an analogous terror to our children and grandchildren. A similar measure of agreement exists on the proposition that the aim of American policy should be to topple both Saddam Hussein and Slobodan Milosevic instead of allowing them to remain in power.

On Israel, my impression is that no comparable degree of consensus exists. We are all strongly sympathetic to the Jewish state, though a few of us regard the "peace process" as a disaster that will lead eventually not to peace but to another major war, while others still entertain the (in my judgment delusory) hope that it will succeed.

Nor is there a complete consensus on Russia so far as the details of policy are concerned. But our main political idea—that the United States should do everything it can to encourage and support the spread of democracy—applies with special force to Russia. Indeed, we hold that, whatever the obstacles, the United States should in general be work-

[10] I should also add that the term "neoconservative" (except for its recent revival by Kissinger—see note 2 above) has quietly been disappearing from public discourse in the last five years or so. For one thing, the "neo" (meaning of course "new") has no longer seemed applicable to those of us who broke ranks with the Left a quarter of a century ago or more. For another thing, the distinctive characteristics that originally distinguished us from the old Right (as represented, say, by William F. Buckley, Jr.) faded as we gradually moved farther to the Right than at the start, while the conservatism of the Old Right became less radical than it had been in the 50's. At some juncture—it is hard to fix a precise date—we met somewhere to the right of center. Differences have remained, but they are matters more of emphasis and tone than of substance. This has left the "paleoconservatives" hanging isolated in the margin and hoping for a lift behind the leadership of Buchanan.

[11] See, for example, Abrams's *Security and Sacrifice: Isolation, Intervention, and American Foreign Policy*; Muravchik's *Exporting Democracy* and *The Imperative of American Leadership*; and Ledeen's *Freedom Betrayed: How America Led a Global Democratic Revolution, Won the Cold War, and Walked Away*. A collection of essays by twelve different authors brought together by Robert Kagan and William Kristol, *Present Dangers: Crisis and Opportunity in American Foreign and Defense Policy*, is also scheduled for publication by Encounter Books in the spring of 2000.

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ing to shape a world that is congenial to this country's political interests and values.

This emphasis on interests as well as on values is what distinguishes us from the "humanitarian" liberals like Anthony Lewis whose names incongruously appeared with our own on ads advocating the dispatch of ground forces to Kosovo. Whereas the latter could detect no advantage to the United States other than moral satisfaction in bringing peace, stability, and (with luck) democracy to that region, we considered this objective to be in the *strategic* interests of the United States both in preserving NATO and in maintaining its own power. An editorial in the *New York Post*, stating the position in plainer terms, declared that when a petty thug like Milosevic is told by the United States to "cut that out" and then refuses, the maintenance of our power depends on forcing him to change his mind.

This is one of the things we mean when we assert that the proper strategic objective of the United States is "to make the world safe for democracy." Nor, in using those words, are we intimidated by the derisive epithet "Wilsonian" that the realists usually hurl at us.

PROBABLY THE most relentless and uncompromising advocates of this post-Reagan Reaganism are William Kristol and Robert Kagan, who frequently collaborate on editorials in Kristol's *Weekly Standard* and articles in other publications. Though they are Republicans, they direct at least as much fire against their own party for its abandonment of the Reaganite course, and even on occasion for "behaving like McGovernite Democrats," as they do against Clinton for what they denounce as his pusillanimity toward China and the dictators in Korea, Iraq, and Yugoslavia.

A good example of their approach is this passage from an editorial on Kosovo:

> The struggle in Kosovo today is about more than human suffering. It is about more even than European stability and NATO's credibility. At stake is the single overriding question of our time: will the United States and its allies have the will to shape the world in conformance with our interests and our principles, challenging as that task may be? Or will we allow much of the world to slip into chaos and brutality, to be shaped by men like Milosevic and Saddam Hussein and Kim Jong-Il and the dictators in Beijing?

Given the ambiguities surrounding the whole Kosovo operation, the Kristol-Kagan editorial is perhaps a bit too ardent, and not every member of our group would go along with it all the way. Joshua Muravchik, for one, despite his passionate commitment to the cause of human rights, about which he wrote an important book, experienced grave initial reservations about intervention in Kosovo. Whereas Bosnia, he argued, was a sovereign state subjected to cross-border aggression, Kosovo was a province of Yugoslavia, which meant that our bombing could not be justified under international law.[12]

There were others of our general persuasion who wondered whether the critics were right in maintaining that the ethnic cleansing of the Albanians we had gone to Kosovo to prevent did not begin in earnest until we started bombing. Some also had moral qualms about the high-altitude nature of the bombing itself, which posed no risk to our own pilots while doing all the damage to civilians on the ground, including many we were supposed to be protecting from Milosevic. And then there was concern over the precedent the Kosovo operation might set for putting similar military pressure on Israel if it were ever to start resisting Arab demands that were endorsed by Washington and its European allies.

I, too, was disturbed by all these questions, but on anguished reflection, I came up with answers that, if not totally satisfactory, were enough to keep me from going over to the critics. Taking their objections more or less in reverse order, I think it highly unlikely that the anticipated danger will ever materialize in the case of Israel (partly because Congress would step in, but mainly because the Israelis have been making all the concessions, and more, that the West has asked them to make). I do, though, agree with Muravchik that we violated the sovereignty of Yugoslavia when we intervened in Kosovo. Still, even though Milosevic is not by a very long shot in the same league of murderers as Hitler, Stalin, Mao, and Pol Pot, when I think about them, I find it hard to quarrel with the emerging idea that the principle of sovereignty should no longer embrace the right of political leaders to butcher their own people. Nor is it plausible to me that if we had not intervened, Milosevic would have desisted from the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo.

Finally, on high-altitude bombing. While, as noted above, I joined in appeals to Clinton to use ground forces in Kosovo, I did so mainly because I

[12] For a fuller working-out of his position in the wake of our entry into the war, see his "The Road to Kosovo" in the June issue of COMMENTARY.

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believed that Milosevic could not be brought to heel without them. But at the same time, I recognized that there was nothing new about what Clinton was doing except in degree. That is, he was carrying about as far as it could go the traditional "American way of war"—which involved exploiting our superior technology to minimize American casualties while inflicting maximum damage on the enemy, even if innocent civilians might be harmed or killed in the process. This solicitude for the safety of our own troops had once been considered a moral glory of the American military ethos as contrasted with the callous indifference to their own casualties of armies like the Russian and the Chinese which relied on sending "human waves" against the enemy. With this idea, too, I found it hard to quarrel.

Apart from fretting over all these difficult issues, others in our group are more disturbed than are Kristol and Kagan over the problems that arise from the "benevolent global hegemony" they espouse with such unabashed enthusiasm. What are the limits that should be set for American intervention? Where, if anywhere, are the lines to be drawn? Are we as a nation willing to pay for the defense capability such a policy requires, and to shed the blood that will be spilled in its implementation? Are we—we, who do not exactly have a brilliant record as exporters of democracy—wise enough and competent enough to bring about the desired result?

I FREELY confess that I too am bothered by this additional list of questions, to which I also freely admit I do not have answers that are even partially satisfactory. But there are two things about which I do feel certain. The first is that we are in a situation resembling the one that developed after the end of World War I. In 1919, too, there was no visible enemy to guard against. No one imagined that a defeated and humiliated Germany would rise again so quickly, or that it would submit itself to a leader like Hitler with grandiose plans for conquering the world. Nor did anyone dream that the Bolshevik Revolution, then in its cradle and unpromising in its prospects, would grow into an even more dangerous power with similarly unlimited aims.

No one, that is, anticipated the rise of totalitarian regimes at both ends of the political spectrum. Nor did anyone dream that this would eventually lead to 50 years of war, first hot and then cold—but not so cold that it did not heat up in Korea and Vietnam into two major military engagements together costing more than 100,000 American lives.

There is no way of proving that if the United States had not withdrawn, the same thing might not have happened anyway. But the fact that we did withdraw surely helped to create a power vacuum in which the two totalitarian threats were more easily able to incubate and grow to maturity. As I see it, this type of danger, arising from the absence of American power to deter and otherwise discourage potentially dangerous challenges, constitutes in itself a definitive refutation of the isolationist argument that is being advanced once again today. As Kristol and Kagan have written, "in a world in which peace and American security depend on American power and the will to use it," the main threat the United States faces comes not from the outside but from within—from the temptation to renounce these heavy burdens and allow itself to become weak.

Such a declaration, to repeat, hardly answers all the questions I posed above. Nor does it supply a fully adequate rationale for a policy of making the world safe for democracy. But equally thorny if not thornier problems confront the perspective of the realists. Even Kissinger now admits that, during the cold war, a realist policy of containing the Soviet Union would never have mobilized the support of the American people in the absence of the moral and ideological dimension supplied by the fight against the evils of totalitarian Communism. Much the same is true today. Kristol and Kagan again:

> Without a broad, sustaining foreign-policy vision, the American people will be inclined to withdraw from the world and will lose sight of their abiding interest in vigorous world leadership. Without a sense of mission, they will seek deeper and deeper cuts in the defense and foreign-affairs budgets and gradually decimate the tools of U.S. hegemony.

From which it follows that "Washington will find it increasingly impossible to fulfill even the less ambitious foreign policies of the realists, including the defense of the so-called 'vital' interests of Europe and Asia."

As between the two sets of problems, I would rather take my chances with those stemming from the Kristol-Kagan vision of "benevolent global hegemony" sustained by an "elevated patriotism." I would, that is, rather face the risks of a world in which America uses its unprecedented (and in all probability temporary) "strategic and ideological predominance," first to protect and preserve the values and the institutions that have given this nation more freedom and more prosperity more widely shared than any society in human history has ever known, and then to spread those blessings to as many others as have the will and the ability to enjoy them.

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How Psychiatry Lost Its Way

Paul R. McHugh

"THE DESIRE to take medicine," noted the great Johns Hopkins physician William Osler a hundred years ago, "is one feature that distinguishes man, the animal, from his fellow creatures." In today's consumer culture, this desire is hardly restricted to people with physical conditions. Psychiatric patients who in the past would bring me their troublesome mental symptoms and their worries over the possible significance of those symptoms now arrive in my office with diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment already in hand.

"I've got adult attention deficit disorder," a young man informs me, "and it's hindering my career. I need a prescription for Ritalin." When I inquire as to the source of his analysis and its proposed solution, he tells me he has read about the disorder in a popular magazine, realized that he shares many of the features enumerated in an attached checklist of "diagnostic" symptoms—especially a certain difficulty in concentrating and an easy irritability—and now wants what he himself calls "the stimulant that heals."

In response, I gamely point out a number of possible countervailing factors: that he may be taking a one-sided view of things, emphasizing his blemishes and overlooking his assets; that what he has already accomplished in his young life is inconsistent with attention deficit disorder; that many other reasons could be adduced for irritability and inattention; that Ritalin is an addictive substance. But in saying all this, I realize that I have also entered into a delicate negotiation, one that may end with his marching angrily from my office. For not only am I not doing what he wants, I am being insensitive, or so he will claim, to what "his" diagnosis clearly reveals. Less a suffering patient, he has been transformed, before my very eyes, into a dissatisfied customer.

It is a strange experience. People normally do not like to hear that they have a disease, but with this patient, as with many others like him, the opposite is the case: the conviction that he suffers from a mental disorder has somehow served to encourage him. On the one hand, it has rendered his life more interesting. On the other hand, it plays to the widespread current belief that everything can be made right with a pill. This pill will turn my young man into someone stronger, more in charge, less vulnerable—less ignoble. He wants it; it's for sale; end of discussion.

He is, as I say, hardly alone. With help from the popular media, home-brewed psychiatric diagnoses have proliferated in recent years, preoccupying the worried imaginations of the American public. Restless, impatient people are convinced that they have attention deficit disorder (ADD); anxious, vigilant

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people that they suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD); stubborn, orderly, perfectionistic people that they are afflicted with obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD); shy, sensitive people that they manifest avoidant personality disorder (APD), or social phobia. All have been persuaded that what are really matters of their individuality are, instead, medical problems, and as such are to be solved with drugs. Those drugs will relieve the features of temperament that are burdensome, replacing them with features that please. The motto of this movement (with apologies to the DuPont corporation) might be: better living through pharmacology.

And—most worrisome of all—wherever they look, such people find psychiatrists willing, even eager, to accommodate them. Worse: in many cases, it is psychiatrists who are leading the charge. But the exact role of the psychiatric profession in our current proliferation of disorders and in the thoughtless prescription of medication for them is no simple tale to tell.

When it comes to diagnosing mental disorders, psychiatry has undergone a sea change over the last two decades. The stages of that change can be traced in successive editions of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (DSM), the official tome of American psychiatry published and promoted by the American Psychiatric Association (APA). But historically its impetus derives—inadvertently—from a salutary effort begun in the early 1970's at the medical school of Washington University in St. Louis to redress the dearth of research in American psychiatry.

The St. Louis scholars were looking into a limited number of well-established disorders. Among them was schizophrenia, an affliction that can manifest itself in diverse ways. What the investigators were striving for was to isolate clear and distinct symptoms that separated indubitable cases of schizophrenia from less certain ones. By creating a set of such "research diagnostic criteria," their hope was to permit study to proceed across and among laboratories, free of the concern that erroneous conclusions might arise from the investigation of different types of patients in different medical centers.

With these criteria, the St. Louis group did not claim to have found the specific *features* of schizophrenia—a matter, scientifically speaking, of "validity." Rather, they were identifying certain markers or signs that would enable comparative study of the disease at multiple research sites—a matter of "reliability." But this very useful effort had baleful consequences when, in planning DSM-III (1980), the third edition of its *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, the APA picked up on the need for reliability and out of it forged a bid for scientific validity. In both DSM-III and DSM-IV (1994), what had been developed at St. Louis as a tool of scholarly research into only a few established disorders became subtly transformed, emerging as a clinical method of diagnosis (and, presumably, treatment) of psychiatric states and conditions of all kinds, across the board. The signs and markers—the presenting symptoms—became the official guide to the identification of mental disorders, and the list of such disorders served in turn to certify their existence in categorical form.

The significance of this turn to classifying mental disorders by their appearances cannot be underestimated. In physical medicine, doctors have long been aware that appearances, either as the identifying marks of disorder or as the targets of therapy, are untrustworthy. For one thing, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish symptoms of illness from normal variations in human life. For another, identical symptoms can be the products of totally different causal mechanisms and thus call for quite different treatments. For still another, descriptions of appearances are limitless, as limitless as the number of individuals presenting them; if medical classifications were to be built upon such descriptions, the enumerating of diseases would never end.

For all these reasons, general medicine abandoned appearance-based classifications more than a century ago. Instead, the signs and symptoms manifested by a given patient are understood to be produced by one or another underlying pathological process. Standard medical and surgical conditions are now categorized according to six such processes: infectious disorders, neoplastic disorders, cardiovascular disorders, toxic/traumatic disorders, genetic/degenerative disorders, and endocrine/metabolic disorders. Internists are reluctant to accept the existence of any proposed new disease unless its signs and symptoms can be linked to one of these processes.

The medical advances made possible by this approach can be appreciated by considering gangrene. Early in the last century, doctors differentiated between two types of this condition: "wet" and "dry." If a doctor was confronted with a gangrene that appeared wet, he was enjoined to dry it; if dry, to moisten it. Today, by contrast, doctors distinguish gangrenes of infection from gangrenes of arterial obstruction/infarction, and treat each ac-

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cordingly. The results, since they are based solidly in biology, are commensurately successful.

In DSM-led psychiatry, however, this beneficial movement has been forgone: today, psychiatric conditions are routinely differentiated by appearances alone. This means that the decision to follow a particular course of treatment for, say, depression is typically based not on the neurobiological or psychological data but on the presence or absence of certain associated symptoms like anxiety—that is, on the "wetness" or "dryness" of the depressive patient.

No less unsettling is the actual means by which mental disorders and their qualifying symptoms have come to find their way onto the lists in DSM-III and -IV. In the absence of validating conceptions like the six mechanisms of disease in internal medicine, American psychiatry has turned to "committees of experts" to define mental disorder. Membership on such committees is a matter of one's reputation in the APA—which means that those chosen can confidently be expected to manifest not only a requisite degree of psychiatric competence but, perhaps more crucially, some talent for diplomacy and self-promotion.

In identifying psychiatric disorders and their symptoms, these "experts" draw upon their clinical experience and presuppositions. True, they also turn to the professional literature, but this literature is far from dependable or even stable. Much of it partakes of what the psychiatrist-philosopher Karl Jaspers once termed "efforts of Sisyphus": what was thought to be true today is often revealed to be false tomorrow. As a result, the final decisions by the experts on what constitutes a psychiatric condition and which symptoms define it rely excessively on the prejudices of the day.

Nor are the experts disinterested parties in these decisions. Some—*because* of their position as experts—receive extravagant annual retainers from pharmaceutical companies that profit from the promotion of disorders treatable by the company's medications. Other venal interests may also be at work: when a condition like attention deficit disorder or multiple personality disorder appears in the official catalogue of diagnoses, its treatment can be reimbursed by insurance companies, thus bringing direct financial benefit to an expert running a so-called Trauma Center or Multiple Personality Unit. Finally, there is the inevitable political maneuvering within committees as one expert supports a second's opinion on a particular disorder with the tacit understanding of reciprocity when needed.

The new DSM approach of using experts and descriptive criteria in identifying psychiatric diseases has encouraged a productive industry. If you can describe it, you can name it; and if you can name it, then you can claim that it exists as a distinct "entity" with, eventually, a direct treatment tied to it. Proposals for new psychiatric disorders have multiplied so feverishly that the DSM itself has grown from a mere 119 pages in 1968 to 886 pages in the latest edition; a new and enlarged edition, DSM-V, is already in the planning stages. Embedded within these hundreds of pages are some categories of disorder that are real; some that are dubious, in the sense that they are more like the normal responses of sensitive people than psychiatric "entities"; and some that are purely the inventions of their proponents.

LET US get down to cases. The first clear example of the new approach at work occurred in the late 1970's, when a coalition of psychiatrists in the Veterans Administration (VA) and advocates for Vietnam-war veterans propelled a condition called chronic post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) into DSM-III. It was, indeed, a perfect choice—itself a traumatic product, one might say, of the Vietnam war and all the conflicts and guilts that experience engendered—and it opened the door of the DSM to other and later disorders.

Emotional distress during and after combat (and other traumatic events) has been recognized since the mid-19th century. The symptoms of "shell shock," as it came to be known in World War I, consist of a lingering anxiety, a tendency toward nightmares, "flashback memories" of battle, and the avoidance of activities that might provoke a sensation of danger. What was added after Vietnam was the belief that—perhaps because of a physical brain change due to the stress of combat—veterans who were not properly treated could become chronically disabled. This lifelong disablement would explain, in turn, such other problems as family disruption, unemployment, or alcohol and drug abuse.

Once the concept of a chronic form of PTSD with serious complications was established in DSM-III, patients claiming to have it crowded into VA hospitals. A natural alliance grew up between patients and doctors to certify the existence of the disorder: patients received the privileges of the sick, while doctors received steady employment at a time when, with the end of the conflict in Southeast Asia, hospital beds were emptying. Anyone expressing skepticism about the validity of PTSD as a

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psychiatric condition—on the ground, say, that it had become a catchall category for people with longstanding disorders of temperament or behavior who were sometimes seeking to shelter themselves from responsibility—was dismissed as hostile to veterans or ignorant of the mental effects of fearful experiences.

Lately, however, the pro-PTSD forces have come under challenge in a major study that followed a group of Vietnam veterans through their treatment at the Yale-affiliated VA hospital in West Haven, Connecticut, and afterward. The participants in the study had received medications, group and individual therapy, behavioral therapy, family therapy, and vocational guidance—all concentrating on PTSD symptoms and the war experiences that had allegedly generated them. Upon discharge from the hospital, these patients did report some improvement in their drug and family problems, as well as a greater degree of hopefulness and self-esteem. Yet, within a mere eighteen months, their psychiatric symptoms, family problems, and personal relationships had actually become worse than on admission. They had made more suicide attempts, and their drug and alcohol abuse continued unabated. In short, prolonged and intensive hospital treatment for chronic PTSD had had no long-term beneficial effects whatsoever on the veterans' symptoms.

This report, which brings into doubt not only the treatment but the nature of the underlying "disease," has produced many agonized debates within the VA. Enthusiasts for PTSD argue that the investigators somehow missed the patients' "real" states of mind while at the same time overlooking subtle but nonetheless positive responses to treatment. They have also stepped up the search for biological evidence of brain changes produced by the emotional trauma of combat—changes that might validate chronic PTSD as a distinct condition and justify characterizing certain patients as its victims regardless of whether a successful treatment yet exists for it. In the psychiatric journals, reports of such a "biological marker" come and go.

Yet while we await final word on chronic PTSD, the skeptics—both within and without the VA system—would appear to hold much the stronger hand. They have pointed, for example, to analogous research on war veterans in Israel. According to Israeli psychiatrists, long-term treatment in hospitals has the unfortunate tendency of making battle-trauma victims hypersensitive to their symptoms and, by encouraging them to concentrate on the psychological wounds of combat, distracts their attention from the "here-and-now" problems of adjusting to peacetime demands and responsibilities.

This makes sense. After any traumatic event—whether we are speaking of a minor automobile accident, of combat in war, or of a civilian disaster like the Coconut Grove fire in Boston in 1942—exposed individuals will undergo a disquieted, disturbed state of mind that takes time to dissipate, depending (among other things) on the severity of the event and the temperament of the victim. As with grief, these mental states are natural—indeed, "built-in," species-specific—emotional responses. Customarily, they wane over time, leaving behind scars in the form of occasional dreams and nightmares, but little more.

When a patient's reaction does not follow this standard course, one need hardly leap to conclude he is suffering from an "abnormal" or "chronic" or "delayed" form of PTSD. More likely, the culprit will be a separate and complicating condition like (most commonly) major depression, with its cardinal symptoms of misery, despair, and self-recrimination. In this condition, memories of past losses, defeats, or traumas are reawakened, giving content and justification to diminished attitudes about oneself. But such memories should hardly be confused with the cause of the depression itself, which can and should be treated for what it is. America's war veterans, who are entitled to our respect and support, surely deserve better than to be maintained in a state of chronic invalidism.

Medical errors characteristically assume three forms: oversimplification, misplaced emphasis, and invention. When it comes to chronic PTSD, all three were committed. Explanations of symptoms were oversimplified, with combat experiences being given priority quite apart from such factors as long-standing personality disorders, independent (post-combat) psychiatric conditions including major depression, or chronic psychological invalidism produced by prolonged hospitalization. Misplaced emphasis followed oversimplification when treatment concentrated on the psychological wounds of combat to the neglect of here-and-now problems that many patients were dodging, overlooking, or minimizing. Finally, the inventive construction of a condition called chronic PTSD justified a broad network of service-related psychiatric centers devoted to maintaining the veterans in treatment whether or not they were getting better—and, as we have seen, they were not.

Variants of these same mistakes can be discerned in the identification and treatment of other dis-

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eases *du jour*. Multiple personality disorder (MPD), for example, posits an unconscious psychological mechanism, termed dissociation, that occurs in people facing a traumatic life event. When such dissociation occurs, it disrupts the integrative action of consciousness, causing patients to fail to link experience with memory.

Typical dissociative "conditions" include dissociative amnesia, dissociative fugues, and dissociative identity disorder, the last-named being the DSM-IV term for MPD. Thus, a person who leaves home and travels to another city, only to remember nothing of the interval and amazed to find himself away from home, is said to have undergone a state of dissociative fugue. Patients claiming they cannot recall prominent events—their school years, their childhood friends—are said to suffer from dissociative amnesia. Finally, a person who displays over time two or more personality states that take control of his behavior is said to be in a condition of dissociative identity disorder.

The problem with dissociation, as with so many purported unconscious mental processes, is that it cannot be discerned and studied apart from the behaviors it is intended to explain. What generates and sustains those behaviors is the power of their effect on others, whether doctors or onlookers. But once attention has been transferred from the behavior itself to the imagined mental state of the patient exhibiting it, a diagnosis—dissociation—can be triumphantly invoked through reasoning that goes in circles: Why don't I remember first grade?/ Because you have dissociated your memory./ How do you know that?/ Because you can't remember first grade. This justifies, in turn, a long, arcane, melodramatic process of treatment.

MPD is, in fact, a form of hysteria—that is, a behavior that *mimics* physical or psychiatric disorder. Hysteria often takes the form of complaints of affliction or displays of dysfunction by people who have been led to believe that they are sick. More than occasionally, those doing the leading are the psychiatrists themselves, especially those in the business of helping patients recover "repressed" or "dissociated" memories of childhood sexual abuse.

It was the 1973 best-selling book (and later TV movie) *Sybil*, describing an abused patient with sixteen personalities, that launched the whole copycat epidemic of MPD. That book has recently been unmasked as a fraud. According to Dr. Herbert Spiegel of Columbia, who knew the patient in question and disputed her case with the author of the book prior to its publication, Sybil was in fact "a wonderful hysterical patient with role confusion, which is typical of high hysterics." Spiegel, whose protests at the time got him nowhere—"If we don't call it a multiple personality, we don't have a book! The publishers want it to be that, otherwise it won't sell!" he quotes the author as remonstrating—observes ruefully that "this chapter . . . will go down in history as an embarrassing phase of American psychiatry." *

ALTHOUGH THE MPD epidemic is now subsiding, the "disease" itself remains enshrined in DSM-III and DSM-IV, a textbook case of an alleged disorder whose identification is based entirely on appearances and then sustained as valid by its listing in DSM. So it is, too, with adult attention deficit disorder and social phobia.

Defined as a tendency to fear embarrassment in situations where one is exposed to scrutiny by others, social phobia relates in about 90 percent of cases to a fear of public speaking, an almost universal condition that can usually be overcome by practice. Some psychiatrists claim that one of eight Americans suffers from this supposed disorder and should receive pharmacological treatment for it. If that figure were accurate, we would be confronted with a mental disorder almost as common as depression and alcoholism—a dubious proposition on its face. Whether medication to make patients more comfortable (but perhaps less self-critical) in their public speaking will improve their lives or careers is another question altogether.

As for ADD, a diagnosis of that condition often rests on a perceived failure to attend to details: mistakes are made, and work performance is impaired, by restlessness and difficulty in concentrating. This, too, is a characteristic of many people, one that can emerge with particular salience in the face of challenges at home or work or with the onset of an illness like depression or mania. An individual seeking treatment for it may be expressing nothing more than a desire for "self-improvement." Whether it is the proper role of a prescription-dispensing psychiatrist to act as the patient's agent in such an enterprise is, again, another question altogether.

Although people may differ in such qualities as attentiveness and confidence, it is simply not true that most individuals deficient in these qualities are sick. What *is* true is that they will be changed by the medications proposed to heal the alleged sickness. Everyone is more attentive when on Ritalin; many

* The role of the "repressed-memory" movement in a whole line of celebrated cases and legal trials, from supposed satanic rituals to the alleged sexual abuse of children in schools and day-care centers, is a subject unto itself. I have reviewed this issue in "Psychotherapy Awry," *American Scholar*, Winter 1994.

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are less emotionally responsive when on selective serotonin re-uptake inhibitors (SSRI's) like Prozac or Paxil. The fact that emotional and cognitive changes are associated with certain drugs should come as no surprise—even small amounts of alcohol will loosen your inhibitions. But that hardly means that the inhibitions constitute a mental disorder.

For the psychiatrists involved, there is another consideration here. In colluding with their patients' desire for self-improvement, they implicitly enter a claim to know what the ideal human temperament should be, toward which they make their various pharmacological adjustments and manipulations. On this point, Thomas Szasz, the vociferous critic of psychiatry, is right: such exercises in mental cosmetics should be offensive to anyone who values the richness of human psychological diversity. Both medically and morally, encumbering this naturally occurring diversity with the terminology of disease is a first step toward efforts, however camouflaged, to control it.

Why are psychiatrists not more like other doctors—differentiating among patients by the causes of their illnesses and offering treatments specifically linked to the mechanisms of these illnesses? One reason is that they cannot be. In contrast to cardiologists, dermatologists, ophthalmologists, and other medical practitioners, physicians who study and treat disorders of mind and behavior are unable to demonstrate how symptoms emerge directly from activity in, or changes of, the organ that generates them—namely, the brain. Indeed, many of the profession's troubles, especially the false starts and misdirections that have plagued it from the beginning, stem from the brain-mind problem, the most critical issue in the natural sciences and a fundamental obstacle to all students of consciousness.

It was because of the brain-mind problem that Sigmund Freud, wedded as he was to an explanatory rather than a descriptive approach in psychiatry, decided to delineate causes for mental disorders that implicitly presupposed brain mechanisms (while not depending on an explicit knowledge of such mechanisms). In brief, Freud's "explanation" evoked a conflict between, on the one hand, brain-generated drives (which could be identified by their psychological manifestations) and, on the other hand, socially-imposed prohibitions on the expression and satisfaction of those same drives. This conflict was believed to produce a "dynamic unconscious" whence mental and behavioral abnormalities emerged.

This explanation had its virtues, and seemed to help "ordinary" people reacting to life's troubles in an understandable way. But it was not suited to the *seriously* mentally ill—schizophrenics and manic-depressives, for example—who did not respond to explanation-based treatments. That is one of the factors that by the 1970's, when it became overwhelmingly clear that such people did respond satisfactorily to physical treatments and, especially, to medication, impelled the move away from hypothetical explanations (as in Freud) to empirical descriptions of manifest symptoms (as in DSM-III and -IV). Another was the longstanding failure of American psychiatry, when guided by Freudian presumptions, to advance research, a failure that led, among other things, to the countervailing efforts of the investigators in St. Louis.

At first, indeed, the new descriptive approach seemed to represent significant progress, enhancing communication among psychiatrists, stimulating research, and holding out the promise of a new era of creative growth in psychiatry itself, a field grown stultified by its decades-long immersion in psychoanalytic theory. Today, however, twenty years after its imposition, the weaknesses inherent in a system of classification based on appearances—and contaminated by self-interested advocacy—have become glaringly evident.

In my own view, and despite the obstacles presented by the brain-mind problem, psychiatry need not abandon the path of medicine. Essentially, psychiatric disorders come under four large groupings (and their subdivisions), each of them distinguished causally from the other three and bearing a different relationship to the brain.

The first grouping comprises patients who have physical diseases or damage to the brain that can provoke psychiatric symptoms: these include patients with Alzheimer's disease and schizophrenia. In the second grouping are those who are intermittently distressed by some aspect of their mental constitution—a weakness in their cognitive power, or an instability in their affective control—when facing challenges in school, employment, or marriage. Unlike those in the first category, those in the second do not *have* a disease or any obvious damage to the brain; rather, they are vulnerable because of who they *are*—that is, how they are constituted.

The third category consists of those whose behavior—alcoholism, drug addiction, sexual paraphilia, anorexia nervosa, and the like—has become a warped way of life. They are patients not because of what they have or who they are but because of what they are *doing* and how they have become

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conditioned to doing it. In the fourth category, finally, are those in need of psychiatric assistance because of emotional reactions provoked by events that injure or thwart their commitments, hopes, and aspirations. They suffer from states of mind like grief, homesickness, jealousy, demoralization—states that derive not from what they have or who they are or what they are doing but from what they have *encountered* in life.

Each of these distress-generating mechanisms will shape a different course of treatment, and its study should direct research in a unique direction. Thus, brain diseases are to be cured, alleviated, and prevented. Individuals with constitutional weaknesses need strengthening and guidance, and perhaps, under certain stressful situations, medication for their emotional responses. Damaging behaviors need to be interrupted, and patients troubled by them assisted in overcoming their appeal. Individuals suffering grief and demoralization need both understanding and redirection from circumstances that elicit or maintain such states of mind. Finally, for psychiatric patients who show several mechanisms in action simultaneously, a coordinated sequence of treatments is required.

But the details are not important. What is important is the general approach. Psychiatrists have for too long been satisfied with assessments of human problems that generate only a categorical diagnosis followed by a prescription for medication. Urgently required is a diagnostic and therapeutic formulation that can comprehend several interactive sources of disorder and sustain a complex program of treatment and rehabilitation. Until psychiatry begins to organize its observations, explanatory hypotheses, and therapeutics in such a coherent way, it will remain as entrapped in its present classificatory system as medicine was in the last century, unable to explain itself to patients, to their families, to the public—or even to itself.

That is not all. In its recent infatuation with symptomatic, push-button remedies, psychiatry has lost its way not only intellectually but spiritually and morally. Even when it is not actually doing damage to the people it is supposed to help, as in the case of veterans with chronic PTSD, it is encouraging among doctors and patients alike the fraudulent and dangerous fantasy that life's every passing "symptom" can be clinically diagnosed and, once diagnosed, alleviated if not eliminated by pharmacological intervention. This idea is as false to reality, and ultimately to human hopes, as it is destructive of everything the subtle and beneficial art of psychiatry has meant to accomplish.

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When the Palestinian Army Invades the Heart of Israel

Yuval Steinitz

WHATEVER THEY may have accomplished or failed to accomplish politically, the Oslo accords of 1993 between Israel and Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization have transformed Israel's security situation in ways that have still not been squarely faced. Much of the territory in the West Bank and Gaza that Israel occupied in the 1967 Six-Day war is now governed by the Palestinian Authority (PA). This embryonic state already possesses a large, militia-like police force comprising some 40,000 men; depending upon the outcome of present negotiations, it may come to acquire a combination of paramilitary and military forces as well. Although Israel will undoubtedly retain military superiority over its fledgling Arab neighbor, the threat it poses in combination with the rest of the Arab world is already significant, and is certain to grow with time.

DESPITE ITS obvious strategic strengths, Israel has chronically suffered from two Achilles' heels that make its defeat militarily thinkable. The first is demographic. Israel's minuscule population, combined with the sensitivity of Israeli society to the loss of life, casts a giant shadow of doubt over the country's ability to withstand an extended conventional war with the surrounding Arab world. If its enemies could force upon it a conflict lasting months or years, they would significantly improve their chances of prevailing. The Israeli response to this longstanding problem has been to accelerate the moment of cease-fire by rapidly transferring the battleground to enemy territory and/or attacking the enemy's infrastructure by means of air power.

Of much greater importance, however, is the second Achilles' heel, which is geographic. The tiny area of the Jewish state, together with its overreliance on reserve forces (itself partly a product of the country's demographic weakness), casts a giant shadow of doubt of another kind altogether: namely, over its ability to withstand a *lightning* strike. An enemy's penetration into the heart of Israel could prevent the mobilization and equipment of its military reserves in addition to interrupting many other vital operations. To this second problem the traditional Israeli response has been a very fast system of mobilization—since the 1973 Yom Kippur war, the entire procedure has been designed to take no more than 24 hours—plus the reliance on superior air power to abort an enemy's attack on the first day of battle.

This is where Oslo comes in: the influx of Palestinian forces into Israel's center has greatly exacerbated the problem presented by the country's sec-

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ond Achilles' heel, to the extent that a total collapse of the overall strategic balance is now possible.

How so? The approximately 40,000 policemen now at the disposal of Arafat are already organized into a semimilitary structure. They are known to have some 30,000 automatic weapons in their arsenal, along with a significant number of machine guns, light antitank missiles, grenades and rocket-propelled grenades, land mines and explosives. They may also have, or be able surreptitiously to obtain from Arab countries, more advanced weapons, including handheld Strela and Stinger surface-to-air missiles. Obviously, these forces are not going to defeat the armed might of Israel in battle. But if, even as currently constituted, they were to be deployed in a coordinated fashion in the opening phases of a broader Arab assault, they could wreak havoc of a decisive kind.

A good portion of the Palestinian police is installed in the towns of Qalkilya, Tulkarem, Bethlehem, Ramallah, and Jenin on the West Bank—in other words, in areas adjacent to Israel's most vulnerable sectors, military and civilian alike. These nerve centers of Israel's life could be successfully infiltrated by a mere 10 percent of the Palestinian police force, thus transforming them into a crucial front in a comprehensive regional conflagration.

Crossing Israel's 1967 borders in small fighting units of ten to twenty men, these 4,000 men could make their way in civilian vehicles along a labyrinthine network of roads and paths with which they are intimately familiar. They would need no more than an hour to reach extremely sensitive points in the heart of Israel. Once there, they could wholly subvert the 24-hour mobilization strategy Israel relies on to fend off the far larger armies of its Arab adversaries.

If Israel were still at the initial stages of an alert, the enormous numbers of its as-yet-unarmed reservists streaming to arms depots and mobilization points would form attractive prey. Gaining control of key intersections or other advantageous locations, the Palestinian guerrilla units would be in a position to create chaos on the roads that serve as the primary arteries of mobilization and, in all probability, to kill large numbers of would-be fighters. They could also attack some of the mobilization centers themselves, most of which are not only within easy striking distance of the West Bank but are also lightly guarded.

The damage that can be inflicted by small units operating against the vulnerabilities of a larger and more powerful adversary is not a matter of speculation. Among the wealth of cases that one could cite, some are from Israel's own military past. During the 1982 war in Lebanon, for example, a few dozen young, untrained Palestinian fighters armed with rocket-propelled grenades operating from hills and orchards proved far more effective in delaying Israeli traffic on a vital military highway than batteries of cannons and Katyusha rockets launched from a distance. If mini-units of this kind can succeed against heavily armored columns, how much more damage could they inflict on buses and cars filled with unarmed reservists making their way to equipment depots?

NOR DO key thoroughfares, intersections, and mobilization centers exhaust the list of possible targets. In all its wars, Israel has depended heavily on the ability of its air force to gain mastery of the skies at the outset. But most Israeli air bases are quite exposed to guerrilla attack, being located within 20 to 40 kilometers of Palestinian territory. British commando operations in World War II are testimony to how easily an enemy can penetrate such installations. Leading small teams of men, Colonel David Starling of the Special Air Service successfully destroyed 250 German warplanes parked on the runways of military airfields located many kilometers behind Rommel's front lines on the North African front.

Palestinian soldiers need not actually penetrate air bases, as Starling did, to achieve their goal. Lying hidden in the foliage of orchards or farmlands outside an airfield's perimeter fence, they could employ light mortars or handheld anti-tank or surface-to-air missiles to strike Israeli planes. In previous conflicts, the Arabs have never been able to counter Israel's superiority in the air; a surprise ground attack on its planes would thus undoubtedly present an appealing option to Arab war planners.

Finally, targeting the military is not the only means by which a broad series of Palestinian commando attacks could contribute to an effective Arab assault. Terrorist raids on residential neighborhoods or the seizure of national television and radio stations might serve to promote widespread demoralization and civilian flight. Another set of potential objectives consists of technical installations: the electric power plant in Hadera, the oil refineries of Haifa, the chemical tanks of Gelilot, or the switchboards, transformers, and distribution boxes of the Bezek national telephone company. Power outages, huge blazes near Israel's large cities, and temporary interruptions of communication lines would all serve to paralyze if not cripple Israel in the early phases of a war.

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Are there no effective counters to the peril posed by the armed Palestinian police? Of course there are, at least in theory. For example, Israel could fortify its border with the Palestinian Authority in particularly vulnerable sectors. It could also draw upon reserve soldiers on kibbutzim to establish lightly-armed, mobile patrol teams designed for immediate intervention in any threatened locality. Alternatively, several thousand infantry soldiers could be transferred from fighting units and assigned to a light militia scattered at different points in the Israeli rear.

Whether such measures would work if put to the test is another question. But that aside, there is, in fact, little evidence that Israel's military or political planners are giving serious attention to this or any other aspect of the ongoing transformation of the county's security position.

A number of factors are at work here. For one thing, Israeli military officials, focusing on the extreme relative weakness of the Palestinian forces and the fact that an operation involving dozens of separate guerrilla units against Israel has never been attempted, simply discount the possibility of a synchronized assault. For another, they appear to believe that Israeli intelligence would definitely enjoy between 12 and 24 hours' warning in advance of any large-scale attack, an interval sufficient to seal the borders. And even if a limited incursion were to occur, they argue, attack helicopters could provide sufficient defense for border areas.

These are all questionable assumptions. History seldom serves as a certain guide to future behavior, and to rely inflexibly on precedents is to set oneself up for a shock. It is especially foolish to depend on fixed notions of warning time: Israel's worst military fiasco occurred when it was caught unprepared by the Egyptian attack in October 1973.

Besides, it is not inconceivable that a future Palestinian government, in coordination with the major Arab states, would opt to invade with almost no advance field preparations, in a kind of "get-in, go-shoot" operation wherein commando teams would be dispatched into battle with only an hour or two of notice. This would not only achieve the element of surprise but likely increase the number of Palestinian saboteurs who could be infiltrated. Finally, since these infiltrators would need to traverse but a very short distance before being in a position to wreak major harm, and since any battles that ensued would be taking place in heavily populated areas, attack helicopters would be next to useless, if not calamitous, as a means of response.

Perhaps the most dubious supposition of all, however, is one now being bruited about in Israeli political circles. This is that the Palestinian leadership would itself be reluctant to see a decisive Arab victory over Israel, out of fear that the new Palestinian political entity would then inevitably slip under the control of either Egypt or Syria, two military giants with claims on Palestinian/Israeli territory. Since, in other words, the Palestinians have a vested interest in Israel's survival, they would not participate in any such operation. But this line of thinking is speculative in the extreme, and the very fact that it is seriously on offer suggests how eager many Israelis have become to avoid facing the still very menacing realities of the Middle East.

One does not have to go far back into the past for an example of a much greater degree of realism. Here are the words of Shimon Peres in 1978:

> The influx of a Palestinian fighting force (more than 25,000 armed fighters) into Judea and Samaria [would signify] . . . an excellent starting point for mobile forces to advance immediately toward the infrastructure vital to Israel's existence.

Even after he negotiated the Oslo accords, Peres did not alter his gloomy estimation. As he argued in *The New Middle East* (1993), the situation created by an armed Palestinian state would be

> strategically fraught with catastrophe: the [country's] narrow "waist" will be susceptible to collapse by a well-organized surprise attack. . . . Even if the Palestinians agree to demobilize their state from both army and weapons, who can guarantee Israel that after a certain amount of time an army will not be formed, despite the agreement, which will camp at the gates of Jerusalem and the approaches of the coastal plain, and pose a substantive threat to Israel's security?

This, indeed, was the ground of Peres's opposition to the establishment of a Palestinian state. Yet what was self-evident a mere six years ago to Israel's most determined advocate of negotiations with the Palestinians is now being dismissed in the rush to conclude the "peace process."

Almost 2,500 years ago, according to Thucydides, the Greek statesman Themistocles succeeded in persuading his fellow Athenians to transform their city-state into a naval power. Yet despite the vast strategic superiority it thus acquired, Athens still remained vulnerable to a simple, surprise ground attack from Sparta. In order to protect and ensure access to its new strategic assets—that is, its

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advanced navy and port facilities—Themistocles advocated linking the city of Athens to its port at Piraeus by means of two parallel walls.

Like ancient Athens, Israel enjoys strategic superiority over its neighbors, primarily in the realm of aeronautics and technology. Over the decades, whenever armed hostilities have broken out, this advantage has permitted Israel to strike at its enemies' rear in a manner that has eventually led to victory at the front. After 1967, Israel also enjoyed its own "walls of Themistocles," in the form of the geographic expanses of Sinai, the Golan Heights, and the West Bank. These double walls are what enabled Israel to survive the successful surprise Egyptian-Syrian attack that opened the 1973 Yom Kippur war but that was neither penetrating enough nor quick enough to take control of Israel's "Piraeus"—its airports, its reserve bases, and the like.

The deployment of light Palestinian forces throughout the West Bank has already collapsed Israel's eastern "wall" of mountains and the Jordan River, neutralizing their vital function of protecting against a sudden lightning strike aimed at the country's soft eastern flank. Indeed, if we were to consult Themistocles, he would assuredly advise us that the current Israeli defense posture is absurd. On the one hand, the state invests billions of dollars in building a modern army; purchasing state-of-the-art warplanes and constructing modern airfields; equipping and training reserve battalions; and deploying Arrow missiles. All this is right and proper and necessary. But on the other hand, it has permitted a situation to develop in which these selfsame modern, expensive systems are liable to be rendered irrelevant. On the basis of such wishful thinking, battles, and wars, are lost.

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I'm Getting Married Tomorrow

A Story

Jennifer Moses

(A) I'm NOT bad-looking, and (B) I've never had any trouble finding girls, so (C) what I did that night was not the act of a desperate self-deluded jerk. Only I know what you're thinking and that is: who the hell is this jerk? To which I'd have to say that I'm no more or less a jerk than anyone else my sister tells me about.

I love my sister, okay? But she's allowed herself to become a parody of herself, uptight to the point of implosion, thinks that everyone's looking at her as if they can hear her ovaries aging, and that if she's not married by thirty-one, thirty-two, she's history, may as well hang up her skimpy underthings and retire to Tampa, take up shuffleboard. It's a hostile attitude. She's smart, too, way too smart to fall for that crap, but there's nothing I can tell her about my gendermates that will make her feel any different than she already does, which is: men are all scum, except for the ones, like the ones our parents are always pushing on her, who are wimps with unimpressive johnsons (her expression, not mine).

She tells me stories: the guy who sent roses to her every night for two weeks until she agreed to sleep with him, and then she sleeps with him, and it's great only guess what? He has to leave right afterward to go back to his place in case his girlfriend who lives in Jersey calls—oh, you mean I didn't mention my girlfriend? The lawyer who took her out to dinner and then, holding her hand, told her all about his psychotherapy, and actually began to cry. (It was disgusting, she said. His eyes got red and he kept dribbling all over his dinner napkin.) The investment banker with the proverbial neckties from Barney's and the platinum Am Ex card only he's built on the dainty side and he's finished in about three seconds flat. (Poof, she says. Then he's snoring.)

So I figure that, compared to these guys, I'm not so bad. But my sister says no, because I'm one, too, worse, in fact, than any jerk-off who's ever messed with her. But by now she's partisan, can't be trusted. She wanted her chance to stand in front of all those people and maybe get a chance to catch the bridal bouquet and God knows what else because the entire way that females think is alien to me, and if I were smart I'd join some silent monks in France or Indiana, if they'd have me, or if not then sign on with the Lubavitchers, marry some nice, terrified eighteen-year-old and maybe, if I'm lucky, drown myself in so much overcooked pot roast and Manischewitz that I can no longer remember what girls smell like.

This is what happened: what happened was that there was Robin, my fiancée, and then there was Emily, this girl I'd known in college who we used to call Free Love because once, in a poetry seminar when we were comparing the love sonnets of John

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Donne to those of Shakespeare, she said something along the lines of her believing in free love, and then while the rest of us snickered and looked at our feet she explained that what she'd meant had to do with the difference between formal patterns of sound versus the abandonment of traditional versification as in her favorite, Walt Whitman, the ultimate master of free verse—but as far as I could tell, the only person who was interested in this bullshit was the professor, a middle-aged lesbian who had the bad habit of playing with her middle-aged acne. Needless to say, this was back when I had poetic aspirations myself, long before I chucked my youthful idealism and adolescent passions for a law degree and, as of this writing, one-ten-a-year plus bonus, office on the 21st floor, great secretary, and an endless supply of free paper clips.

This girl, this Free Love, was something else, too: smart in that intense, overly animated way of a person with an inflated sense of the superiority of her own soul, plus a serious looker, with a body that wouldn't quit. She was so beautiful that every time I looked at her my tongue swelled up in my mouth and I became hyperconscious of how much saliva I was producing. But during her freshman year she kind of took on half the rugby team, and later got into women, or at least that's what the girlfriend I had during the first semester of my last year of college told me. She said: I know she's pretty if you like that slutty type but let's face it, Hank, she's probably got some kind of disease. Then she told me that, on a dare, Free Love had done it with a banana at some dance club in the East Village during spring break. All I had to do was think of this girl with a banana—her underpants around her ankles, her skirt hiked up—for my anatomy to come to attention like a West Point cadet.

This is what she looked like: she looked like a total fantasy from California or some place where they grow them like that—tall and shapely—and with this beautiful, heart-shaped face and these kind of slanty brown eyes and long dark wild hair that she raked her hands through as if she were auditioning for a shampoo commercial. Later, when I got to know her a little bit, people were always coming up to her and saying: you look just like that movie star, you know the one I mean, the one who was in. . . . But the totally most amazing thing about Free Love was that she wasn't from some exotic tribe of Asian-Swede-Afro-American-Sioux at all, but from Trenton, where her mother worked as secretary to the rabbi in the Reform temple where she'd been bat-mitzvahed, and her dad worked for Exxon, something to do with emission control. *Trenton*, which is almost as bad as being from Newark—or, for that matter, Ozone Park, which is where I'm from.

OKAY, MORON, is what I know you're saying. So you had a thing for this Jewish girl from Trenton. So what about it? Did you or did you not? And what about this other girl, this Robin, your fiancée? Where'd she come from? And who wants to hear about how horny you were in college which is such an old story that it makes me cry with boredom? Ever hear of Philip Roth, genius? Didn't he already do this one? Like maybe a half-dozen times? How big is *your* whizmaster, anyway? Why aren't you in therapy?

A few years after I finished law school I ran into Free Love—Emily—on Madison Avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth. It was early March, cold and wet. She was hurrying past with that intense forward-looking expression that all women get once they've been in New York for more than a week, carrying a styrofoam take-out carton. Her hair was wet, slicked back, and her feet, on the sidewalk, made rat-tat-tat sounds. She walked right past me even though I called out her name, and then, when I turned around to catch up to her, she looked at me with no recognition at all.

It's Hank, I said, Hank Wolf, from school. We had a poetry class together. Sophomore year.

I'm sorry I don't remember.

I didn't talk much, I said. She looked at me as if I were a con-man or an insurance broker trying to sell her whole-life even though she's not yet thirty. So I went: not like you. With your free verse.

I'm going to be late for work, she said.

I'd like to say that I ran after her, calling her name and giving her additional hints about my identity—you know, I was the idiot who used to sit near the door and doze off; or, I knew you when you were Free Love, do you still do it with bananas?—but the truth is, I followed her. I followed her for six blocks, until I saw her disappear, along with a few dozen other great-looking women, into the Condé Nast building. Then I went back to my own office on Lexington, where I was working, if memory serves, on a case involving faulty ceiling-fan parts.

And from there it was easy, because I figured all I had to do was call the Condé Nast switchboard to get put through to her, and when I did I stammered all over myself and apologized and generally begged and she talked to me for a long time and it turned out that she worked for *Vogue*. *Vogue*? my sister said when I told her about it. So what? She's

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probably a secretary. Spends her days answering the phone. Either that or maybe she places advertisements. *Vogue*. Big deal.

What I'd said when I got her on the phone was: I had a crush on you for all four years of college will you please have lunch with me anyplace in the tri-state area?

But it didn't really matter, anyway, because by then I was seriously involved with Robin, a lovely girl, and I know I sound patronizing but I don't mean to be. My sister's like: you are a total pig how can you justify your scumbag existence get out of my face. Even my secretary—I share her with a junior partner—said as much, only of course she couldn't be quite so straightforward, verbally. She was more like: are you sure you know what you're doing? My best friend from high school, Sam, who's gone Hollywood, is the only male person I tell any of this stuff to and his opinion was, so what? Only, as my sister pointed out, Sam writes sit-coms, or at least he's trying to, so why should I trust his opinion on anything?

But Robin was lovely, as lovely as any girl I've ever known, as lovely and sweet and gentle as a person can be without becoming a devotee of Eastern mysticism. She was a lawyer like me. I met her in law school. Like me, she'd grown up local: in her case, Jamaica Estates. She was my height exactly, which is five-nine—she said it made her feel overgrown and excessive—and very very steady. Everything about her was steady: her quiet, steady, brown-eyed gaze; the slow, graceful motions of her fingers and hands as she chopped green beans or worked on her computer; her rise and fall under or over me. She and I spent countless hours drinking coffee and cramming for exams and going out for middle-of-the-night Chinese before it dawned on either of us to touch each other, and then when we started, neither one of us saw any reason to stop, and after that it was just a hop to being a kind of semipermanent couple, and my mother was going around telling all her friends that I had a very nice girlfriend who was—there is a God—Jewish.

What I told my sister about Emily, because it was true, is that even in college you could tell she was different. (Yeah, she was different, she said. She made it with bananas.) But I mean, even then, there were girls—guys, too—who already had the mark of middle age on them. I mean, you could tell, just by glancing at them, not only what they were going to look like ten or twenty years later but what they were going to do, and where they were going to live, and how they were going to decorate their living rooms and what books they'd have on their bookshelves, if any. You could take one look and see: future CPA two kids one basset hound split-level in Cherry Hill spends his weekends gardening. Or: frustrated concert pianist turned third-grade teacher with lots of tribal rugs and hardwood floors. Or: marries for money but denies it until she starts having affairs. You could *see* the trips to the dentist and the carpool rides in the minivan and the requisite weekends-away-from-the-kids where the sex is satisfying but not quite quite what it used to be oh well at least we're in a stable marriage which is more than I can say for some people. Or: spineless attorney who settles into a steady but dull marriage because he doesn't have the guts to do anything original, fools around in a desultory kind of way, ends up living in a condo in West Hole, New Jersey, sees his kids every other weekend, only they don't like him.

But with Emily, it was different. You could look at her, stare at her like I did, and come up with nothing. And it wasn't only that she was beautiful, because there were a lot of beautiful girls—my own sister's great-looking only she thinks she needs to lose ten pounds. She says: you are delusional.

The next part is tricky because it couldn't have happened at all without the bizarre timing of things. The background is: Robin and I are steady. But also, okay, I'm beginning to see Emily, first only for lunch, and then your occasional movie, your occasional Chinese, but all very casual, very low-key, because it isn't like we're dating or anything, we're just hanging out, because it turns out that Emily has a boyfriend, only the boyfriend isn't around much, because he is—get this—getting a combined Ph.D. and law degree from Yale. Meanwhile in her eyes the fact that I'm pulling down decent money means squat because I went to Brooklyn Law School, which is where you go if you don't even know where Yale is.

In the meantime, she tells me all kinds of crap about herself: how she still writes poetry, even though she knows it's hopeless; how she's bored to tears at *Vogue*, where her job involves editing the movie-star column and something to do with shoes, or maybe it was hats; how she's thinking about going back to school herself, maybe in linguistics, which she's very interested in, she's always had a knack for languages; how she believes in God; how she wants to get married and have a whole slew of kids. And I'm thinking: what about the *banana*?

One day Emily and I meet for lunch—it was one of those brilliant warm early October afternoons

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where all of a sudden people who usually look fat and pasty and sticky look, through your fevered, feverish eyes, merely achingly, tragically human. I remember it exactly: Emily's wearing white pants, a white blouse, a white sweater. And I mean everything is *white* white, like something a nurse would wear, only on her it looks fantastic. Her wild brown hair is doing its usual electrified number all over her head, and she has these big fat bangles on, and this bright red lipstick, and they say that men don't pick up on these things unless they're gay. I want to make love to her right then and there on the corner where we meet but instead we go to a deli and get sandwiches and eat on the steps of Saint Bart's. Where she says:

I've got good news.

It's been maybe seven months that we've been hanging and so by now I know quite a bit about her, including the name of her boyfriend, Richard, and how brilliant and sweet he is, and how he'll probably teach law himself one day, maybe even at Yale, blah blah blah blah. So I say:

New job?

And she says:

Jesus. Are you blind? And she flashes her hand in front of me and right there on it as big as Nebraska is a diamond ring.

He asked me this weekend, she says.

Then she chatters on about how happy and excited her mother is but how already she's fighting with her about the details of the wedding, the date of which isn't even set yet, but already her mom is insisting on having it at Beth Shalom synagogue where her mom has worked for forever, and she doesn't seem to notice that I'm choking on my roast-beef sub.

Which is how, in a roundabout way, Robin and I finally decide to get engaged. One day I'm telling Robin about this buddy of mine who's taking the Deep Plunge, and the next day Robin starts talking about making a commitment, and this goes on for a few weeks, maybe a few months, I don't know, because I'm sunk into this depression that has me up nights with this awful combination of the hots and the sweats and sometimes I swear to God I wake up and there's Robin sleeping right beside me but I have to go to the bathroom to take care of myself. And when I come out of the depression it's spring again and I look at myself one morning in the mirror and realize that I'm going gray at my temples and that the woman who has been sharing her body and soul with me for going on four years is as steady and decent and intelligent as they come. And that day I ask her to marry me.

IN HOLLYWOOD, my friend Sam is like: congratulations. Only it sounds as if he's saying: I'm sorry to have to tell you that we've found a malignancy. My sister is going: well at least one of us is getting on with life it's so much easier for guys I wish I had a dick. My mom is ecstatic. My dad is going around the house humming "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin' Along." The only person who doesn't react one way or another is Emily, because of course—and this is the part you're going to incinerate me for—I never exactly ever got around to telling Emily about Robin.

At first I didn't because I held out this slim hopeless hope that maybe Emily would let me go to bed with her. And then I didn't because it never exactly came up which is—okay I admit it—not exactly true either: Emily asked me all the time about my love life, and I told her, too, only I never exactly told her the truth because the girls I made up—girls like Sally O'Mally who did PR for the Giants and who had a mirror over her bed so she could watch herself while we went at it, or Jeannie Rubin the struggling folk singer who actually sang at the moment of highest pleasure—were a lot more interesting than Robin, and made her laugh. And when she laughed—big laughs coming out of her gut—her whole face turned red and her eyes watered and I felt like a million bucks, I know it sounds corny but it's true.

But Emily and I had been seeing less of each other, anyway, mainly because every time I called her, for lunch or a movie, she was busy: she was spending more and more time with her fiancé in New Haven, and then she was promoted at *Vogue*, and on top of that she started taking graduate classes at Columbia in postmodernist semiotics or some other bullshit. But then what happens is: she's calling me one morning at work, crying into the phone, saying, oh God, I feel so stupid.

Do you want me to come over? I say. No, no, you're at work. I'll be fine. Are you sure? It's no trouble. No, really. Look, Emily, whatever it is, you shouldn't be alone. Well, okay.

This is my big moment. I'm like: it's an emergency, Susan, hold my calls. The crosstown traffic is murder, but when I finally get to Emily's apartment it's all worth it because there's Emily saying oh God I'm so sorry to do this to you but I just wanted a shoulder to cry on and when I say What? What happened? she says: Richard dumped me. And I'm like: you've got to be messing with me big time who would dump a babe like you but I'm making all these sweet shushing noises and telling her that I've

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been in love with her since the first time I saw her, in that poetry seminar in college. And God help me but I'm thinking about that banana at that night-club or whatever it was in the East Village all those years ago, how drunk she must have been, or high, or both, or high on her own lust. And a minute later I'm all over this girl.

You get your rocks off you get your rocks off, is my sister's take on all things sexual, but then she likes to pretend that she's a cynic. But it was—I swear to God Himself—more than that happy little burp at the end of things, it was sex like sex is in the movies; the kind of sex that turns God into a voyeur; sex like heat and lightning and thunder and dew. It was afterward, during our post-coital bliss phase, that I blew it. And this is where I made one little error in judgment, because if I had just been a little bit *more* of a scumbag, rather than less of one, none of what was about to happen would have happened, or at least not in the same sordid way. This is where my man Sam is in total absolute incomprehension and my sister is about ready to hang herself for the prophylactic benefits thereof. But in this fit of *après*-sex arousal and desire, I'm not thinking clearly. Because instead of begging her right then and there to spend the rest of her life with me, and to forget about that faggot Richard with his fancy Ph.D. from Yale and his unappreciative jones, I say:

Is it true?

And she says: what?

The thing I heard. The thing, in college, with the banana.

And the next thing I know, she's the color of sand, and she's pulling her clothes on and telling me to get *out* of her house. What? What did I say? I'm saying. And: I heard a lot of stupid rumors in college not just about you but about other people too. Only she cuts me off and tells me that she never ever wants to see or hear from me again. Never. Not ever. And then I'm on my knees, literally down on the floor, begging her to relent, begging her to let me stay, let me hold her and make it up to her—whatever she did or didn't do, I don't care—and I'm spewing out all these words and in the middle of them I kind of throw in that I'm engaged to be married but it's all over now I've only loved her all this time I've been fooling myself I'm going to cut off my engagement and so forth and so on until she says, in this very quiet voice:

You're engaged?

Well. Yes. Sort of.

You never told me.

I'm telling you now.

Goodbye, she says.

And for the next several days and weeks, every time I called, she hung up, and on the two or three occasions I showed up at her office, the receptionist wouldn't let me back. You don't have an appointment, she said. Sorry.

I know what you're saying. You're saying: what about Robin? You did, as gently as possible, break things off with her, did you not? I mean, that would have been the only decent thing to do, given that you were in love with another woman, right? Well, the answer is: yes and no. I told her I was having second thoughts, and she said: I understand. And I told her that I was going through a bad time, trying to figure out what I really wanted in life—told her I was burned-out at work (true), and pulled in too many directions the rest of the time (not precisely true), and some other junk, too. And she said: I understand. And then, because Robin was so good and I felt so guilty, I told her that I'd met another girl but that nothing had happened (false) and that nothing would happen (true). And she said: what girl? And I gave her this whole line about this girl I'd met through work, only she was married. And Robin sat there in her tiny living room—on the dumpy light-blue loveseat that she'd reupholstered herself at night and on weekends—and cried. Then I started to see a therapist and then she started to see a therapist and slowly, slowly we got it back together—and bit by bit I was beginning to feel like I had blood in my veins instead of dead insect parts, and so we got re-engaged, and set a date, and chose china.

The night before our wedding, the guys give me a bachelor party which was just about the last thing in the world I wanted. Suffice it to say that the girl they got to perform performed a few unnatural acts but nothing to compare with the millions of times I'd imagined Emily with the banana, and when I got home that night—I was still living in the same studio on East Thirty-sixth Street that I got when I finished law school—I called Emily and I said:

I'm getting married tomorrow.

And she said: congratulations.

And I said: don't hang up.

And she said: why?

And I said: because I don't want you to think I'm some kind of pathetic schmuck, but before I do

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this, I just want to make sure. Because if you're still not married or involved or whatever, I would like you to marry me.

You're crazy.

I'm serious. What do you think?

Sounds good.

Do you mean it?

Sure I mean it.

And this part gets extremely complicated, so I'll cut it short. I got a taxi to Robin's parents' house in Jamaica Estates, where Robin was spending the night, and told her, and I kept expecting her to slug me or cry or yell, but she just stood there, staring at me. Then I took the same taxi all the way back to Manhattan, to Emily's building on the West Side.

What? her voice on the intercom-speaker says.

It's *me*. It's Hank. Let me in.

Then, while I'm waiting to hear the buzz and the click to let me in, there's this pause, and then her voice saying:

I thought I made it very clear that I never want to see you again as long as I live.

You said you'd marry me.

A joke, she says.

Oh Jesus, I'm saying. Oh Jesus.

Grow up, she says.

What I told my sister, because it's true, is that it wasn't the banana. It was Emily, all of Emily, her blood and her guts and her bones. I said that she wasn't just an excuse to get out of a marriage I wasn't really sure I wanted. I said that I knew that what I'd done was unforgivable. What do you want me to do, castrate myself?

That would be too good for you, she says.

What should I do, then?

But my sister just looks at me and shakes her head.

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Who's Afraid of Jewish Day Schools?

Jack Wertheimer

FIFTY YEARS ago, religious education for Jewish children in the United States was almost exclusively an extracurricular activity. For all but a handful, instruction in the basic elements of Judaism took place in "supplementary" schools, meeting after regular public-school hours or on Sundays. The exception was the small number of students—numbering fewer than 20,000 in the early 1940's—who attended full-time Jewish "day schools," institutions that at every grade level combined the teaching of subjects like math and English with a full curriculum of Jewish studies.

Today's scene is much altered—and in a rather surprising way. Thanks to a quiet revolution over the last several decades, day schools at the elementary, junior-high, and even high-school level are thriving as never before, boasting some 200,000 pupils and 700 schools around the country. Although afternoon and Sunday schools still continue to enroll the majority of children receiving *some* formal Jewish education (apart from those receiving none at all), the proportion in day schools has risen to around 40 percent (again not counting those outside the formal system altogether). In New York, the figure is closer to two-thirds; in Los Angeles, to half.

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Moreover, although most of these institutions remain Orthodox, the most impressive growth in recent years has occurred among day schools affiliated with the other branches of American Judaism. In the late 1990's alone, enrollment in Reform, Conservative, and interdenominational schools has increased by 20 percent, a trend that is being reinforced by the non-Orthodox high schools now sprouting up to complement the instruction that many communities already provide to younger students.

What is most striking about this newfound commitment to intensive Jewish education is its grassroots character. Driven by a range of concerns, local activists, led in particular by parents' groups and religious educators, have mounted a herculean effort to establish institutions that would have been unthinkable just a generation or two ago. And yet, for all its current dynamism, the day-school movement also faces a number of problems. Most schools struggle to make ends meet, relying on their own limited resources and modest assistance from local Jewish philanthropies. Of even greater concern, the day-school movement has been treated with marked ambivalence by the leading national Jewish organizations, whose positions both on internal Jewish affairs and on key issues of public policy have often flown in the face of the schools' manifest interests.

Why a form of education universally recognized as a powerful tool for transmitting a strong Jewish

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identity has received so tepid an official response is a story in itself, and one that tells us much about the abiding ironies and contradictions of Jewish life in America.

ALTHOUGH THE idea of the day school was developed in Europe in the 19th century, not until World War II did it begin to take root in this country, primarily among the Orthodox. In both cases the impetus was largely the same. As the historian Haym Soloveitchik has observed, if it had once been possible for Jews to assume that "Jewishness was something almost innate, and no school was needed to inculcate it," the fuller participation of many Jews in modern Western life rendered any such assumption suspect. As segregated living patterns collapsed and families proved increasingly incapable on their own of teaching essential beliefs and practices, Jewish identity ceased to be, in Soloveitchik's words, "a matter of course" and became a matter "of choice: a conscious preference." To instill and reinforce this preference, a new type of educational institution was necessary.

Hence the day school, an institution striving to achieve a balance between the religious priorities of self-consciously committed Jews and the manifest need of students in modern Western societies to acquire a high-quality secular education. From the beginning, such schools characteristically presented a dual curriculum, combining a full set of instruction in general studies with classes in Hebrew, Bible, Talmud, and Jewish law codes, as well as in Jewish history, thought, and literature. But no less important than the subjects taught was the setting, which was designed to socialize young people into the distinctive rhythms of a living Judaism: the school day was to begin and often end with public prayer, the food would be kosher, the observance of holidays and Sabbath would be strongly reinforced, and daily conversation would be sprinkled unselfconsciously with Hebrew vocabulary and Jewish idioms.

Attractive as this may sound today as a model of Jewish education, however, what bears stressing is that it has long run against the preferences of the Jewish community at large. Over a century ago, American Jews embraced what the historian Jonathan Sarna has called the "Protestant model" of education, according to which state-funded schools would teach academic skills, civics, and certain universal values, while "the fine points of religious doctrine and practice" would be left to separate denominational programs sponsored privately by each faith. Thus the overwhelming practice of American Jews was to enroll their children in public schools, relegating Jewish education to weekday afternoons or weekend mornings with, in some instances, additional exposure provided by summer camps and youth groups.

Indeed, as the children of successive waves of immigrants passed through the public-school system and climbed the country's socioeconomic ladder, the Jewish attachment to public education grew into a veritable love affair. The schools, it was believed, were responsible not only for the rapid Americanization and success of Jews themselves but also for the relatively low levels of intolerance and bigotry, especially anti-Semitism, in American society at large. As one Jewish leader put it, the schools were a place where "the children of the high and low, rich and poor, Protestant, Catholics, and Jews mingle together, play together, and are taught that we are a free people, striving to elevate mankind and to respect one another."

To these ideals, the day-school model seemed to offer an unwelcome antithesis. To "withdraw our children from public schools and establish schools of our own as the Catholics are doing," wrote Samson Benderly, the leading Jewish educator of the first half of the 20th century, "would be fatal to [Jewish] hopes" for integration. As late as 1954, when COMMENTARY published a positive appraisal of the then-nascent day-school movement, a "shocked" reader wrote that such an education "makes for arrogance and creates a lack of genuine understanding of the differences among people," fostering instead "a spirit of exclusiveness" and "snobbishness." Such concerns have hardly dissipated today. An article a few months ago in the *Atlantic* concluded its survey of the day-school movement by wondering whether earlier generations of American Jews were not perhaps correct in believing that "full equality in an overwhelmingly Christian country is, in fact, reliant on Jewish willingness to participate in a common system of education."

IN THE face of such ingrained opposition, what then accounts for the astonishing recent success of day schools? Disillusionment with public education undoubtedly has played one major role. As public schools began to deteriorate in many cities during and after the 1960's, Jews, like many other middle-class Americans, sought alternatives. Parents who may not have been especially wholehearted in their own commitment to Jewish education nonetheless saw a way here for their children to escape classroom overcrowding and the rising threat of violence and drug use.

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At the same time, unhappiness with "supplementary" instruction was mounting. By the 1970's, it had become commonplace in Jewish educational circles to castigate the traditional three-times-a-week congregational school as beyond hope of redemption. Its graduates, complained one knowledgeable observer, were "functionally illiterate in Judaism . . . and look[ed] back without joy on their educational experiences."

Adding to this dissatisfaction were the worries over the threat to Jewish "continuity" posed by assimilation and intermarriage, and the simultaneous appearance of studies linking the amount of time spent in Jewish education during one's youth to adult participation in Jewish life. In this regard, recent research points unmistakably to the unique benefits of attending Jewish day schools. Their alumni are far more likely than others to observe a range of rituals and holidays, to contribute to Jewish causes and institutions, and to maintain a strong attachment to Israel. Most impressive, perhaps, is the finding that graduates of day schools are considerably more inclined to wed other Jews.

Nor, it must immediately be added, have these gains in communal involvement and solidarity come at the expense of advancement in American society at large. Day schools now routinely place their graduates in the most selective colleges, and have effectively refuted the canard that an intensive Jewish education breeds either unproductiveness or insularity from the wider concerns of society at large. They once "called us segregationists, un-American, East European," writes the head of an Orthodox movement that is the largest single sponsor of day schools, with more than a touch of lingering defensiveness. "But now the day school has proved itself. The community has seen that its graduates do not necessarily become rabbis or fiddlers on the roof, but are doctors, lawyers, and space scientists who also happen to be conscious and proud of their identity as Jews."

THAT THE Jewish day school has in fact "proved itself" seems beyond dispute when one surveys the remarkable variety of institutions that now go by that name. Among the best-known and largest—all of them enrolling about 1,000 students—are those run in Brooklyn by the Satmar and Lubavitch sects of Hasidism, modern-Orthodox schools like Ramaz in Manhattan and the Yeshiva of Flatbush (Brooklyn), the huge educational complex at the Stephen Wise (Reform) Temple in Los Angeles, the (Conservative) Solomon Schechter schools in New Jersey and Chicago, and the interdenominational Charles E. Smith School in Rockville, Maryland. Complementing these big institutions—but reflecting the same degree of variety—are the nearly 40 percent of day schools with enrollments of fewer than 100 students.

As one might expect, the unprecedented expansion of this form of education has not come without considerable growing pains. Many schools have struggled to define the proper balance between the halves of their dual curriculum, and very few, especially among the Orthodox, have made any serious attempt to integrate them—bringing, say, the creation narrative of Genesis into discussion with the theory of evolution, or asking how traditional Jewish literature differs in its assumptions from a work of modern poetry or prose.

Within non-Orthodox schools, other problems are discernible. The religious diversity of the homes from which students are drawn has militated against any clear declaration of normative standards in matters like prayer, Sabbath observance, or dietary laws. Classroom instruction in religious practice tends to be merely descriptive, lest parents take offense at having observances "dictated" to them through their children. Dealing with these issues is even more complicated at those schools—mostly under Reform or community auspices—where parents have pressed for a reduction in the number of class hours devoted to Jewish study. In some cases, one wonders whether such institutions may not soon become little more than private schools for children who happen to be Jewish.

REGARDLESS OF size or denomination, however, what all day schools have in common is ongoing financial worries. A dual curriculum brings a number of added expenses. Not only is the school day necessarily longer than average, driving up administrative costs, but teaching both Jewish and general studies inevitably requires a larger faculty. Committed as they are to reaching as many young Jews as possible, day schools also carry the burden of providing scholarships to families unable to afford tuition. A recent report from the Philadelphia area found, for example, that almost 45 percent of students in day schools received some form of assistance.

Much of this expense is covered by tuition payments and gifts by wealthier parents, but costs must be cut almost across the board. Salary-and-benefit packages for teachers in day schools are thus considerably less generous on the whole than the going rate at public schools, and both physical facilities and extracurricular programs are often mea-

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gerly funded—a deficiency that may help to explain why overall enrollment is so heavily weighted toward the lower grade levels, where academic extras like computer labs and orchestras matter less.

In light of these deep-seated financial problems, a perennial question in recent decades has been whether the organized Jewish community should not be doing more to support day schools. When the movement initially arose in the 1940's and 50's, most federations—as the local umbrella organizations for Jewish philanthropy are called—felt no such responsibility, arguing that the schools primarily met the needs of just a small, self-selected segment of the community: that is, the Orthodox. In the cynical calculus that sometimes prevails in these matters, it was assumed that, given the unshakable commitment of Orthodox Jews to these schools, they would find some way to fund them on their own.

This attitude has changed somewhat over the last generation, especially with the emergence of schools catering to a wider denominational spectrum. By the mid-1990's, federation contributions covered approximately 12.5 percent of the day-school budget nationwide, and in many midsized Jewish communities the share is now much larger. Whether this is enough is open to debate. To the staunchest advocates of day schools, the contributions, though welcome, still constitute only 4.5 percent of total giving by local federations. Could the philanthropic community not offer more support to an institution so plainly linked to the future vitality of American Jewry?

The answer is: perhaps, but certainly not to the degree often demanded. Were local federations to foot half the bill for day schools, as has been suggested, they would have to cease all other operations; no funds would remain for poor or aged Jews in the United States or for needy co-religionists abroad. Leaving aside traditional Jewish solicitude for these populations, it is unrealistic to expect a system built on compromise and negotiation to opt so decisively for one of many causes.

Still, federations could do considerably more to help day schools raise new money on their own—something that is already being undertaken in Detroit and Chicago, where efforts are under way to amass endowment funds for tuition assistance. Essential to this effort are private family foundations, which have already played a significant role in various experimental schemes for financing day-school education. A Seattle foundation, for instance, covers tuition costs above a threshold of $3,500 for all students at the local Jewish high school. Others have created model programs offering free tuition to families that have never before sent their children to day schools. And a consortium of major donors has put together a $15-million fund to help fledgling schools get off the ground. These ventures have only begun to address the financial crisis facing day schools, but they represent the most promising source of future support.

IF IT is perhaps inevitable that local federations provide only limited funding to day schools, much less understandable are the organized community's long-held positions on the issue of religious education in general. For decades now, the Jewish Council for Public Affairs (or its predecessor, the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council) has resisted every plan that might in some way bring government assistance to support the general-studies education offered by religious schools, including, as is often proposed today, in the form of direct subsidies to parents. In its most recent agenda—representing the views of the federations as well as of all local "community-relations" groups and national Jewish agencies—the JCPA declared that "Voucher plans and other similar programs that would provide public support to private sectarian schools violate the Establishment Clause [of the First Amendment], pose the risk of government entanglement in religious affairs, and divert financial resources from the public school system."

The most striking thing about this position, from which only the Orthodox Union dissented, is its datedness, as if preserved in amber from the 1950's. After all, to judge by a number of recent court cases, it is far from clear that vouchers run afoul of the Constitution. Moreover, government is already deeply entangled in religious schools, thanks to a panoply of regulations and testing requirements; and as for the public schools, despite their dismal performance in many parts of the country, they have never been better funded. Nowhere in the JCPA's declaration is there any recognition that the educational debate has long since moved on to other issues. Today the question is not so much whether religious schools can step in where the public schools have failed but *how* they can step in—and with what measure of government support.

But what seems most dated in the position staked out by the Jewish public-policy establishment is its almost palpable aversion to promoting so narrowly Jewish an interest as day schools. In

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speaking to the wider American public, the reasoning goes, the Jewish community should stand for universal values, not for its own particularistic needs. Oblivious in their way to the transformation of Jewish and American life over the last 50 years, the authors of the JCPA agenda seem to fear nothing so much as the possibility that Jews might once again be considered "second-class" citizens.

But the real danger is of a precisely opposite sort: not that American Jews will stand too much apart but that they will disappear, unable to maintain their distinctive customs and beliefs against a powerful mainstream culture in which they are now, thankfully, full participants. To this danger, as an ever growing number of Jewish parents have come to recognize, dual-curriculum day schools offer a unique solution. Not only do they steep young people in Jewish learning, instilling in them the "habits of the heart" for a lifetime of Jewish experience, they do so without in the least compromising their young charges' American identity. To the contrary, by communicating in the strongest way possible that it is entirely proper to live as Americans strongly engaged with Judaism and the Jewish people, these schools hold out the promise of a generation equipped as perhaps none other before it to contribute meaningfully to the civic life of its two worlds.

Measured against this promise, on which day schools have already shown they can deliver, the attitude of the organized community emerges as both shortsighted and hypocritical. Although a task force of American Jewish leaders did not shrink in 1995 from characterizing such schools as "arguably the most impactful [*sic*] single weapon in our arsenal for educating Jewish children and youth," neither politically nor financially has the community mustered the resolve to act upon the clear implications of that very correct judgment. Only if a way can be found, and quickly, to keep day schools in business—and, no less significantly, accessible to parents of middle-class means and still-ambivalent Jewish commitments—will they be in a position to realize the potential that no one denies they have. Otherwise, only the most highly dedicated or well-to-do families will be able to enroll their children, and the transformative value of this unique experiment in American Jewish living will dissipate in the air of communal indifference and neglect.

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OBSERVATIONS

Buchanan as Historian

Gabriel Schoenfeld

IN SEPTEMBER 1938, Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister, traveled to Munich in an attempt to negotiate a settlement with Adolf Hitler, who for the past months had been pressuring Prague to cede to him the German-speaking portion of Czechoslovakia. "Peace for our time," Chamberlain announced to near-universal acclaim upon his return—having agreed to the dismemberment of the Czechoslovak democracy. Hitler for his part offered the assurance that "this is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe."

Six months later, he proceeded to swallow the residuum of Czechoslovakia. After a half-decade of concessions and complacency, public opinion in Britain woke up. "Is this the last attack upon a small state or is it to be followed by another?" Chamberlain wondered aloud. "Is this in fact a step in the direction of an attempt to dominate the world by force?" Resolving to defend the next small state, he told the British parliament that "In the event of an attack on Poland, His Majesty's Government would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Polish government all support in their power."

BRITAIN'S DECISION to guarantee Poland's security ranks among the more fateful of many fateful steps taken in the fear-filled year of 1939. In retrospect, and with full knowledge of its far-flung consequences, was it wise? This has been the subject of more than a few historical debates over the past 60 years, and it is now once again generating controversy. In his new book, *A Republic, Not An Empire*,* and in a flurry of op-ed columns, letters to the editor, and press interviews, Patrick J. Buchanan, a candidate for the presidency of the United States, has called the British guarantee a "monumental blunder," one "far greater than Munich," and has attributed a whole series of historical disasters to Chamberlain's action, among them America's eventual decision to enter the world war.

For enunciating this position, Buchanan has attracted a fusillade of ridicule and opprobrium. "Absolving Adolf" and "Buchanan's Hitler Problem" were the headlines of two articles in the *New Republic* earlier this fall. "A Blame America Firster" was how Michael Kelly of *National Journal* skewered Buchanan in his syndicated column. "Hitler Endorses Buchanan" mockingly reported *Slate*. A spirited debate also erupted among Republican candidates for the presidency, with George W. Bush expressing his disapproval of Buchanan's thesis along with his hope that Buchanan himself would not bolt from the Republican party (which he did shortly thereafter), while Senator John McCain declared it "beyond the boundaries of what the American people and the Republican party are willing to agree to or accept."

But even as Buchanan's interpretation of World War II has been dismissed, and Buchanan himself labeled a crackpot with a Hitler complex, a number of figures have stepped forward in his defense. On the op-ed page of the *New York Times*, Christopher Layne, a scholar at the Center for International Studies at the University of Southern California, and Benjamin Schwarz, a correspondent for the

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Atlantic, pointed out that diplomatic historians have "long made similar arguments" to those advanced by Buchanan, and that his view that America should have stayed out of World War II is "hardly beyond the pale of respectable discourse." In the end, they asserted, it is Buchanan's critics whose "statements seem inflammatory, not his."

Their last point aside, Layne and Schwarz are certainly right about one thing: Buchanan's arguments are not novel. Revisionist accounts of World War II may not be a growth industry, but more than a few have appeared over the years, and it is easy to locate historical authorities making either a direct or indirect case that both Britain and America should have stayed out of the war. The eminent British historian A.J.P. Taylor is one, and Buchanan cites him extensively in his various writings. Others include Bruce Russett, a professor of political science at Yale, to whom Layne and Schwarz point approvingly, as well as a number of British historians of whom the most prominent is the Holocaust denier David Irving. Though Buchanan's thesis should be accepted or rejected on its merits, it is worth paying heed to its intellectual lineage.

A.J.P. TAYLOR was much more than an Oxford don and prolific author of diplomatic histories of Europe; he was also a brilliant polemicist, street-corner speaker on behalf of Labor-party candidates, and a tireless supporter of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; "a life-long socialist," he called himself. By his admirers, he was regarded as a marvelously high-toned rabble-rouser/muckraker. To his detractors, he was an apologist for appeasement, and not only of the Soviet Union but also of Nazi Germany. Along the way, he necessarily became something of an apologist for Hitler himself. In his most famous and controversial book, *The Origins of the Second World War* (1961), his apologetics are on vivid display.

The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia agreed to by Chamberlain at Munich, Taylor wrote in that work, was "a triumph for all that was best and most enlightened in British life; a triumph for those who had preached equal justice between peoples; a triumph for those who had courageously denounced the harshness and shortsightedness of [the Treaty of] Versailles," which had prohibited German rearmament. The outbreak of World War II, Taylor continued, could hardly be pinned on Nazi Germany; "far from being premeditated, [it] was a mistake, the result on both sides of diplomatic blunders." Nor was Hitler himself a "modern Attila, loving destruction for its own sake and therefore bent on war without thought of policy." Rather, he was more a statesman in the "traditional" German mold, bent on restoring Germany to its "natural" position in Europe and the world.

If Taylor arrived at these views in part out of an iconoclastic temperament, in part out of a deterministic view of the historical process, his most important transatlantic counterpart, Bruce Russett, answers to a very different intellectual tradition. Though it never gained a wide audience, Russett's *No Clear and Present Danger: A Skeptical View of United States Entry into World War II* (1972) is a minor classic in the library of appeasement.

Russett's central thesis is that "[j]ust possibly the isolationists were right in their essential perspective": that the United States could have stayed out of the war to stop Hitler and saved itself a great deal of blood, sweat, toil, and tears. Without the U.S., Russett conjectures, the war might have ground on in Europe, ending in a stalemate, with Germany having conquered all of Western Europe and a large portion of the USSR, but with Great Britain, though economically enfeebled, retaining its independence. The United States itself was immune from German attack; the prospect of a Nazi assault on American shores, writes Russett, was a "bogeyman."

Russett admits that an isolationist stance would have entailed potential peril to the United States. Germany might have ultimately succeeded in defeating Britain or conquering all of the USSR, which would have left the United States to face Hitler completely alone in the world. But if that seemed on the horizon, "the United States could still have intervened *then*" (his emphasis). There was also the prospect of the Germans' acquiring the nuclear bomb. But this, in Russett's view, was not so worrisome as it might seem on its face: "there are very few examples in modern warfare between industrial nations where one state achieves a decisive military advantage over the other with a new weapon."

In any case, against the hypothetical dangers attendant upon staying out of the war, one must, writes Russett, weigh the very real price we paid for going in. Not only did the United States suffer several hundred thousand casualties, but it also experienced a range of other ill effects. For one thing, the war did away with a tradition of restraint in military spending, leaving Americans "somewhat poorer, more ignorant, and less healthy than they would [have been] if the military spending had not been necessary, or deemed necessary." For another thing, the United States "used up important natural resources, especially oil and metals, that can never be replaced." Finally, fighting Germany and Japan had a morally "corrupting effect" on America, particularly manifest in our conduct of subsequent wars like the one in Vietnam, a conflict at its height when *No Clear and Present Danger* was published.

Taylor and Russett are both men of the Left, but the position they adumbrate has long found its advocates on the Right, especially at its far margin. When Taylor's reassessment of Hitler first appeared, it led

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to considerable jubilation in Nazi and neo-Nazi circles in West Germany. Today, in the person of David Irving, the neo-Nazis have an author positively eager to champion their cause.

Irving's understanding of the origins of World War II is also largely congruent with Patrick Buchanan's. Insofar as England was concerned, he maintains, Hitler was less belligerent than many have assumed: "he originally had neither the intention nor the desire to harm Britain or destroy the empire." A *modus vivendi* was thus possible as late as 1940, but it was sabotaged by statesmen like Winston Churchill who were determined to "save face, even if it meant dragging their country and the empire into financial ruin." Hitler himself was "perplexed" by Churchill's continued "intransigence"; had the British been willing to consider a peace offer, one can only wonder "how much suffering the (Western) world might have been spared." In the end, writes Irving, "British readers . . . must ask themselves: What, then, were we fighting for?"

JUST AS World War II revisionists differ among themselves on some fine points, Patrick Buchanan, who falls squarely within their camp, has his own set of inflections and emphases. Castigating Britain and the United States in uncompromising language, he conveys, first of all, the sense that it was the leaders of the Western democracies rather than the German dictator who lit the fuse that led to Europe's most terrible war.

Thus, in Buchanan's view, Chamberlain's monumental error in guaranteeing Poland's security virtually forced Hitler to conclude a nonaggression pact with Stalin and thus to attack first westward into the Low Countries and France rather than eastward into the USSR. This doomed the democracies of Europe while saving totalitarian Russia. Were it not for Chamberlain's blunder, writes Buchanan, there might have been "no Dunkirk, no blitz, no Vichy, no destruction of the Jewish populations of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, or even Italy." At the same time, we might have had "the eradication of Bolshevism in Russia and China, no cold war, no Korea, and no Vietnam."

Chamberlain's mistake was compounded by Franklin D. Roosevelt's crime: the American President "began to maneuver the U.S. into the war, even as he assured his countrymen he was taking every step to keep America out." In this, FDR relied on forged documents and other forms of trickery. Yet after Hitler's airforce lost the Battle of Britain in 1940, he no longer posed the faintest danger to American shores: "If Hitler could not put a soldier into England, the notion that he could invade the Western Hemisphere with no surface ships to engage the United States and British fleets and U.S. air power dominant in the west Atlantic was preposterous." Our country, Buchanan concludes, would have been far better off staying out of the war, as members of the America First Committee and other isolationists had urged. Indeed, by 1950, with Stalin enslaving the very territories U.S. soldiers had died to liberate, "Americans were asking what it had all been for."

WHAT IS one to say about this? As with the work of his predecessors and peers, some of Buchanan's assertions are false on their face; some are plausible but also false; and the remainder are either trivial or irrelevant.

In the category of the simply false is Buchanan's last point: neither in 1950 nor at any time since then have Americans (aside from a small handful of hard-core isolationists, Hitler worshipers, and militant pacifists) questioned their country's participation in a conflict that above all others successfully married the cause of justice with strategic necessity.

In the plausible-but-false category fall Buchanan's animadversions against the British guarantee of Poland. It is hardly clear that this step led to the decisive turning point in Hitler's policy.* Only six months earlier, after all, Chamberlain had issued a similar guarantee to Czechoslovakia, but after Hitler swallowed the remainder of that country he made no effort whatsoever to keep his government's promise, declaring that the guarantee "remained the position until yesterday." Given this record, Hitler could hardly draw firm conclusions about the exact meaning of Britain's Polish guarantee.

Moreover, as we now know from private correspondence, Chamberlain remained eager to strike a deal even after Hitler had digested what was left of Czechoslovakia. He set forth his thinking in a letter to his sister not long after issuing the guarantee to Poland:

> [I]t is very difficult to see the way out . . . but I don't believe it impossible to find, provided we are given a little time and also provided that Hitler doesn't really want war. I can't help thinking that he is not such a fool as some hysterical people make out and that he would not be sorry to compromise if he could do so without what he would feel to be humiliation.

Right up until the very outbreak of war, and even beyond, uncertainty persisted throughout Europe about whether Britain would follow through and actually rise in arms to Poland's defense. Indeed, the pitfalls of Buchanan's mode of historical inquiry are nowhere better illustrated than when he ties himself in knots to acknowledge this very fact. "Not unreasonably," he writes at one juncture, "Hitler concluded the Allied war guarantee to Poland was a bluff." Yet everywhere else he cycles backward, insisting the guarantee was taken so seriously that it "impelled" Hitler to seek a deal with Stalin.

If the small pieces do not fit

* The guarantee's impact on Soviet foreign policy is another matter entirely: to Stalin, Chamberlain's step was a watershed. But Buchanan steps over this.

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together, neither does the bigger picture. Buchanan contends, for example, that if Hitler could somehow have been steered to attack the Soviet Union first, the United States and Western Europe would have been spared his depredations. Although the what-ifs and what-might-have-beens of history are impossible to refute, the scenario Buchanan posits—Germany and Russia bloody themselves to a stalemate, while Western Europe and America watch from the sidelines—is exceptionally far-fetched.

To begin with, in 1939 the Soviet army was weaker and the German army stronger than either would be respectively in 1941 when Hitler finally invaded the USSR. If he had not attacked westward first, in all likelihood he would have triumphed over the Soviets with ease. Even as things were, moreover, the Nazis nearly won. The Russian path to victory that began in Stalingrad and ended in Berlin could have been cut at any number of junctures; success depended in no small part on the fact that both Britain and the United States were supplying the USSR with essential goods while also fighting the Germans in other theaters.

What this suggests is that a Nazi attack on Russia in 1939, far from leaving Germany "crippled," as Buchanan suggests, would have put Hitler in possession of vast resources, material and human, that he could have applied at a moment of his choosing, first against the remaining free countries on the continent, then against Great Britain, and finally against the United States.

Buchanan is correct to assert that after England won the Battle of Britain over the skies of London in 1940, it no longer faced the immediate prospect of a German invasion. But what he seems to have forgotten, or more likely remembers but will not say, is that while the Battle of Britain was itself a close affair, the far more serious threat to London came not from the air but from the sea. In the Battle of the Atlantic, German submarines were sinking ships at a rate faster than Great Britain could build them. Only with America's entry into the war did the ratio begin to change, crossing over to the Allies' favor by 1943. Had the U.S. not joined in, a Britain deprived of its vital lifeline of imports would have been strangled.

Nor would the danger have ended there. By this point Germany would have had at its disposal the French, the Russian, and the Italian fleets, and perhaps also those vessels of the British Royal Navy that were still afloat. Japan, Germany's ally, had a major fleet already pounding the United States in the Pacific. How, under those circumstances, would the United States have fared?

An invasion of American shores by Nazi troops may not have been in the cards—Buchanan says the idea is "preposterous" and Russett calls it a "bogeyman"—but of some relevance is the fact that in 1942, German submarines, operating within view of the Atlantic shore, sank 485 merchant ships and inflicted what the military historian Gerhard Weinberg has called "the most disastrous defeat ever suffered by American naval power." Nor would invasion have been the only or the gravest danger presented by a Nazi-controlled Europe.

Two years before the outbreak of war, Hitler had already ordered work to begin on the "New York" bomber, which was to have intercontinental range. As early as 1940, German scientists were developing a two-stage rocket designed to reach the United States in 35 minutes from a launch pad in Europe. A shorter-range version was to be deliverable by submarine. And there was also the German attempt to build an atomic bomb.

None of these wonder weapons, it is true, came to fruition, but that is largely thanks to the fact that the United States and Britain were in the war and hurling everything they had against Germany, forcing painful choices between investing in the development of weapons that could be fielded in the near term and those that could not. Without the United States, the German arsenal would have become more lethal than it already was, and over time it would have presented perils to the United States far beyond the merely alarming.

New weapons, according to Bruce Russett, rarely confer a decisive advantage in modern warfare. But what if this instance were one of the exceptions? A Hitler dominating Europe and armed with nuclear weapons would have been a strategic nightmare; no sane American leader could have taken even a small chance allowing this to become a reality. In his own isolationist reading of history, Buchanan's method of smoothing over the nuclear bulge is cleverer than Russett's, but even less convincing; he simply does not mention it.

IN ARGUING that Hitler's ambitions lay primarily in the East and that he had no designs on the West, Buchanan relies heavily not only on A.J.P. Taylor but on the testimony of the Fuehrer himself, citing, for example, Hitler's pronouncement of August 1939: "Everything I undertake is directed against Russia." But while taking the Nazi leader's words at face value, Buchanan relentlessly attacks the credibility of Franklin D. Roosevelt, charging him with "fraud," "forgery," "deceit," and "lying to incite national hysteria."

In so doing, Buchanan brings to mind why the isolationists of the America First Committee whom he so vigorously defends were regarded as a potential fifth column in the United States and placed under investigative scrutiny when we found ourselves at war following the Japanese surprise attack at Pearl Harbor (an attack that Buchanan contends was provoked by the United States). That it was not Roosevelt

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who declared war on Germany but Hitler who declared war on the United States is a fact Buchanan finds it difficult to integrate. Although elsewhere Hitler is to him a model of rationality, on this point all he can say is that this was

> the great, inexplicable act of insanity on Hitler's part, I think, that no one has yet understood why, in heaven's name, he declared war on the United States, which brought all that weight in against him, for no gain at all.*

But Hitler's declaration of war on the United States is not the only thing Buchanan finds "inexplicable." He is also at a loss to comprehend why the U.S. and Great Britain should have made common cause with Stalinist Russia to defeat Nazi Germany. "Both regimes," he writes, "were totalitarian, both were aggressors, both were hostile to Western values, both had innocent blood on their hands"—but the USSR was "a far greater long-term threat than Hitler's Germany."

There is, however, no great mystery here. The USSR did indeed emerge from the war to become a greater long-term threat than Germany—but that is only because the United States defeated Germany in the war. If Germany had been permitted to prevail over the USSR, *it* would have been the greater long-term threat. Much greater: one need only contrast Hitler's bouts of irrationality, his impetuosity, and his naked blood lust with the slow, brutal, risk-averse accretion of power that was the leadership style of the Soviet Union to grasp the far deeper peril represented by a victorious Nazi Germany.

Yes, both regimes were moral abominations. Yet once again Buchanan wraps an incontestable truth in a larger falsehood, insisting there were no reasons to prefer a Soviet to a Nazi victory. Even apart from the fact that it was Hitler and not Stalin who unleashed an aggressive war against the entire world, there were many such reasons.

One was the Nazi concentration camps. Though it is true, as Buchanan says, that more people perished in the Gulag, the Soviet system labored for decades to achieve its total of 40 to 60 million murdered. If one were to compare the annual rate of killing, the Nazi death factories would win hands down in speed and efficiency, taking the lives of six million Jews and another five million non-Jews in four short years, not to mention the tens of millions of additional civilians who perished not in the camps but in the war Hitler ignited.

And these ungraspable numbers are only part of the story, for the Nazis had only just begun their work before the Allies interrupted the broader demographic revolution Hitler intended. In Germany itself, this revolution comprised the elimination first of the Jews but also of a broad range of groups deemed unfit to live, including the mentally infirm and the handicapped, a category encompassing even disabled German veterans—"useless mouths," they were called. Abroad, in the conquered lands that were to serve as *lebensraum* for the master race, it meant eliminating entire peoples and enslaving others. Again the Jews were first on the list, but the Slavic peoples of Eastern Europe and Russia were also marked for destruction. Even before German techniques of compulsory sterilization could be implemented on a mass scale, huge numbers of civilians along with prisoners of war were murdered or deliberately starved to death or left to die from disease after being dragooned into slave labor in the service of the German wartime industrial machine.

Although Buchanan argues that Hitler and Stalin were Tweedledum and Tweedledee, even Stalin's victims, among them millions of peasants forced at gunpoint into the misery of collectivized farming, understood what was at stake. Many of them, having had a chance to experience the brutalities of both sides at first hand, chose accordingly, fighting desperately to stave off the Nazi onslaught.

TO ALL of this, Buchanan is indifferent, or worse than indifferent. Arguing in behalf of a strategy that would have allowed Hitler to carve out an empire in the East while the Allies secured themselves behind their own frontiers, he opines that eventually, "[i]f the revealed horrors of Nazism in the East mandated a war, the Allies could have chosen the time and place to strike." After page after page denouncing America's entry into the war, this carefully hedged assertion is disingenuousness at its height. The "horrors of Nazism," in all their mind-numbing detail, have been "revealed" for a full half-century now—but evidently they have yet to have the slightest effect on Patrick J. Buchanan's conceptions of either history or morality.

It is tempting to attribute those conceptions to the same species of political blindness that affects Bruce Russett when he writes that "[c]oncern with the morality of others' domestic politics is an expensive luxury." But this is too charitable. A more likely source is the same, well-documented corner of Buchanan's mind that has caused him in the past to defend Nazi war criminals; to praise Adolf Hitler as "an individual of great courage, a soldier's soldier in the Great War, . . . [a] genius"; and to assert that diesel engines of the kind used by the Nazis to exterminate Jews "did not emit enough carbon monoxide to kill anybody." In short, Buchanan's World War II revisionism is part of a larger and even more ominous package, a package that he now carries on his journey to the political fringe.

* This is from a television interview.

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MUSIC

Jazz Masterpieces: Part 2

Terry Teachout

In 1934, H. L. Mencken dismissed jazz as "undifferentiated musical protoplasm, dying of its own effluvia. . . . Its melodies all run to a pattern, and that pattern is crude and childish." Similar statements were made by many American cultural commentators in the 20's and 30's; even those who affected to admire jazz tended to see it less as an art form than as a symptom of reaction against what had come to be known as the "genteel tradition." When F. Scott Fitzgerald titled one of his collections of short stories *Tales of the Jazz Age*, it was the sex life of the flappers, not the music of Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke—about which he knew nothing—that he had in mind.

Today, the emergence of jazz is rightly ranked among the most significant musical events of the 20th century. But the speed with which jazz evolved into an art form comparable in interest to American classical music—an evolution that was already well under way by the mid-30's—has inevitably outpaced the best efforts of critics and scholars. Even now, despite the fact that most college music departments in the U.S. offer courses in jazz, there is still no first-rate full-length scholarly history of the music's first century, and no widely accepted "canon" of major jazz recordings.*

As a step toward the formulation of such a canon, I have compiled a list of 65 recommended works, the first installment of which appeared last month. As with my earlier COMMENTARY series on modern classical music, which appeared in the April, May, and June issues, I chose these pieces not for their historical "significance"—though many are highly significant—but because I believe them to be masterpieces of permanent interest. Taken together, they comprise a representative cross-section of recorded performances by the greatest jazz musicians of the century, not all of whom are now generally recognized as such.

This second installment runs from the early years of the swing era—the decade in which New York-based dance bands dominated American popular music—to the rise of the "cool jazz" of the early 50's, when the epicenter of creativity moved (briefly) from New York to California. I have listed individual works, not full-length albums, since nearly all the titles included in this installment were originally released as 78 r.p.m. singles; in each case I have also listed the best available CD anthology containing the recording in question.

Last month's installment took us from 1923 to the beginning of 1937 and up to number 20 on my list of 65 masterpieces. Herewith the next 25 recordings:

1937 (continued)
21. Fats Waller and His Rhythm
Blue, Turning Grey Over You

Louis Armstrong (see Nos. 2, 3, 8, and 12 in the November issue) was the first great jazzman to win fame as an entertainer—a singing come-

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* By far the best short treatment is Max Harrison's article in the 1980 edition of *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, also available separately as part of *The New Grove Gospel, Blues and Jazz* (Norton, $16.95 paper). The best-written popular history is Ted Gioia's *The History of Jazz* (Oxford, $15.95, paper).

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dian who also played jazz. He was followed by Thomas "Fats" Waller (1904-43), the composer of such standards as "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Honeysuckle Rose" and a leading exponent of the ragtime-derived style of jazz piano known as stride (his students included Count Basie). Starting in the early 30's, Waller began singing as well, specializing in low-grade commercial ditties which he enlivened with his sardonic lyric readings. But he continued to play piano, and this delightful instrumental version of one of his best songs is an example of 30's combo jazz at its most engaging.

Many of Waller's most characteristic performances are included along with "Blue, Turning Grey Over You" on *Ain't Misbehavin': 25 Greatest Hits* (ASV Living Era CD AJA 5174).

22. Bob Crosby Orchestra
South Rampart Street Parade

Most of the dance bands of the 30's and 40's played in a style derived more or less directly from Fletcher Henderson's arrangements for his band and, later, the orchestra of Benny Goodman (see Nos. 13 and 20 in the November issue). Among the few exceptions was a band nominally led by Bob Crosby, Bing's younger brother, whose arrangers, most notably the bassist-composer Bob Haggart (1914-98), created a big-band version of New Orleans ensemble jazz—the style later known as Dixieland. Though the Crosby band also employed such outstanding soloists as the tenor saxophonist and clarinetist Eddie Miller, the trumpeters Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield, and the pianist Bob Zurke, it was Haggart who shaped the group's musical identity with compositions like the high-stepping "South Rampart Street Parade," which deftly evokes the spirit of a New Orleans jazz parade.

South Rampart Street Parade contains an excellent selection of recordings by the Crosby band (Decca Jazz GRD-615).

1938

23. Teddy Wilson Orchestra
Jungle Love

When not playing for Benny Goodman, the pianist Teddy Wilson (1912-86) directed for the Brunswick label a series of pickup groups that eventually included nearly every well-known jazz instrumentalist of the 30's and early 40's as well as the influential vocalist Billie Holiday. "Jungle Love" features three major soloists: Bobby Hackett (1915-76), a soft-spoken cornetist who blended elements of the playing of Armstrong and Beiderbecke into his own personal style; Johnny Hodges (1906-70), who spent most of his adult life as Duke Ellington's urbanely bluesy solo alto saxophonist; and Wilson, whose graceful playing was always a highlight of his small-band recordings.

An Introduction to Teddy Wilson: His Best Recordings, 1935-45 contains 22 solo, small-group, and orchestral recordings, including "Jungle Love" (Best of Jazz 4044).

1939

24. Coleman Hawkins
Body and Soul

Coleman Hawkins (1904-69), jazz's first great tenor saxophonist, lived in Europe from 1934 to 1939, the years when Lester Young, his chief rival (see No. 18 in the November issue, and below under No. 34), won fame as a soloist. Within weeks of his return to the U.S., Hawkins recorded this leonine version of "Body and Soul," a *summa* of his aggressive, arpeggio-based style. Not only did it immediately reestablish him as the foremost saxophonist of the day, but it even became—improbably enough—a jukebox hit. Though Young's lighter-toned playing would be more influential in the long run, Hawkins remained a powerful voice in jazz to the end of his life, and "Body and Soul" still appears on every short list of key jazz recordings.

Body and Soul contains 21 tracks recorded between 1929 and 1941 in which Hawkins joins forces with such noted contemporaries as Henry Allen, Benny Carter, Django Reinhardt, Pee Wee Russell, and the pianist Art Tatum (Topaz Jazz TPZ 1022).

1940

25. Benny Goodman Sextet
Till Tom Special

Throughout his long career as a bandleader, Benny Goodman featured small groups drawn from his big bands. From 1939 to 1941, these groups included Charlie Christian (1916-42), among the first guitarists to amplify his instrument electronically and the first major jazz instrumentalist to be influenced by Lester Young. Christian spun out long, harmonically adventurous melodic lines that in turn influenced the beboppers with whom he jammed after hours; he also wrote most of the originals recorded by the Goodman Sextet, including "Till Tom Special," a dapper minor-key theme whose tightly voiced riffs (repeated rhythmic figures) are typical of small-group jazz in the swing era. Also heard are the vibraharpist Lionel Hampton (b. 1908), a celebrated Goodman sideman who later led his own exuberant big bands, and the elliptical piano of Count Basie (see No. 18 in the November issue), a frequent recording-studio guest with the sextet.

"Till Tom Special" is on *An Introduction to Charlie Christian: His Best Recordings, 1939-1941* (Best of Jazz 4032).

26. Duke Ellington Orchestra
Ko-Ko

Duke Ellington came into his own as a composer at the end of the 30's, and the recordings he made for Victor from 1940 to 1942 (some of which were written in whole or part by Billy Strayhorn) are, taken together, the most important group of big-band compositions in the histo-

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ry of jazz. He employed a spectacularly individual array of sidemen—among them Johnny Hodges, the clarinetist Barney Bigard, the tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, and the trumpeter Cootie Williams—from whose solos he plucked many of the melodies that later went into his pieces. "Ko-Ko," a tumultuous minor-key blues of exceptional harmonic richness, includes a "talking" solo by Joe "Tricky Sam" Nanton (1904-48), whose tightly muted trombone was one of the most pungent colors in Ellington's orchestral palette; also soloing briefly is Jimmie Blanton (1918-42), whose big-toned, unprecedentedly virtuosic playing influenced every jazz bassist thereafter.

Beyond Category (see No. 10 in the November issue) contains "Ko-Ko" and other recordings by the 1940-42 Ellington band, including Ellington's "Cotton Tail" and "Concerto for Cootie," Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge," and two superlative small-group recordings from the same period: Strayhorn's "Passion Flower" and Mercer Ellington's "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," both featuring Hodges.

27. Chocolate Dandies
I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me

The Chocolate Dandies was the generic name for a series of studio-only black combos of the 30's and early 40's. This 1940 incarnation included Coleman Hawkins; Roy Eldridge (1911-89), the raspy-toned trumpeter whose bold playing later enlivened the big bands of Gene Krupa and Artie Shaw; and Benny Carter (b. 1907), a uniquely suave alto saxophonist who was equally accomplished as a composer and arranger (in which capacities he will appear in next month's installment). The piano-less rhythm section is led by Sid Catlett (1910-51), by common consent the finest drummer of the pre-bop era, whose irresistibly swinging style can be heard on recordings by everyone from Louis Armstrong to Dizzy Gillespie (see below under No. 32).

"I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me" is on *Body and Soul* (see No. 24, above).

28. Bud Freeman and His Famous Chicagoans
Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble

In the early 20's, a group of teenagers from the suburbs of Chicago, including the guitarist Eddie Condon (1905-73), the tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman (1906-91), and the drummer Dave Tough (1908-48), fell in love with jazz, learned how to play it, and ultimately began to record it themselves. Their brand of improvised ensemble playing—a brash blend of New Orleans jazz and Bix Beiderbecke's cooler style—became known as Chicago-style jazz. In 1939, Condon, Freeman, and the brilliantly eccentric clarinetist Pee Wee Russell (see No. 13 in the November issue) formed a septet called the Summa Cum Laude Orchestra whose recordings are a *vade mecum* of Chicago style. The following year, they recorded with the great Texas trombonist Jack Teagarden (1905-64), whose blues-drenched, technically innovative playing set new standards for his instrument. "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble," drawn from the repertoire of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, has solos by Freeman, Russell, and Teagarden, faultlessly accompanied by the subtly varied drumming of Tough, Sid Catlett's only peer.

"Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble" is on *Lost Chords*, along with two other performances by the Summa Cum Laude Orchestra, "Jack Hits the Road" and a radio broadcast of "Ja-Da" (see No. 1 in the November issue). The complete Summa Cum Laude studio recordings are on *Bud Freeman, 1939-1940* (Classics 811).

1941

29. Artie Shaw Orchestra
Suite No. 8

The clarinetist Artie Shaw (b. 1910), an incomparable virtuoso with an astonishingly well-developed high register, led a series of big bands—each one with a different style—that served as showcases for his distinctive musical conceptions. In 1941, he put together a 32-piece ensemble ingeniously juxtaposing the bluesy trumpet playing and vocals of Oran "Hot Lips" Page (1908-54) with a fifteen-piece string section and Dave Tough on drums. Paul Jordan's "Suite No. 8" exploits the full tonal range of the band to unusually sophisticated effect.

Shaw chose "Suite No. 8" for inclusion in *Personal Best: The Bluebird/Victor Years (1938-45)*, a collection of eighteen of his favorite recordings that also contains a 1945 performance of Eddie Sauter's "The Maid With the Flaccid Air" and seven live radio broadcast performances by Shaw's great 1938-39 band, featuring Buddy Rich (see below under No. 33) on drums (Bluebird 61099-2).

1943

30. James P. Johnson
Mule Walk-Stomp

James P. Johnson (1891-1955), Fats Waller's teacher, was the most admired stride pianist of the 20's, as well as a composer whose works ranged from standards like "Charleston" and "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight" to a lengthy series of concert pieces (now mostly forgotten or lost) that sought to fuse jazz and classical music. "Mule Walk-Stomp" is a vivid portrait of a Harlem nightspot where he worked in 1913, playing for dancers who had just migrated to New York from the South. "The dances ran from fifteen to thirty minutes," he recalled, "but [the dancers] kept up all night long or until their shoes wore out—most of them after a heavy day's work on the docks."

Hot Piano contains "Mule Walk-Stomp" and 23 other solo and small-group performances recorded by Johnson between 1921 and 1945 (Topaz Jazz TPZ 1048).

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1944

31. King Cole Trio
Easy Listening Blues

Nat "King" Cole (1917-65), who was, with Frank Sinatra, the most popular balladeer of the 50's, started out as a piano player. Initially influenced by Earl Hines (see No. 8 in the November issue), he developed into an innovative stylist now regarded by connoisseurs as one of the half-dozen greatest jazz pianists. The King Cole Trio, which also featured Oscar Moore (1916-81) on electric guitar, was a polished, deeply swinging ensemble that served as the ideal setting for its leader's light-filled solos. Cole sang on most of the trio's recordings, but the all-instrumental "Easy Listening Blues" leaves no doubt of his singular gifts as a pianist—or his wonderfully relaxed way with the blues idiom.

Eighteen instrumental sides by the King Cole Trio, including "Easy Listening Blues," "The Man I Love," "Body and Soul," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?" are on *The Best of the Nat King Cole Trio: Instrumental Classics* (Capitol Jazz CDP 98288).

1945

32. Dizzy Gillespie and His All Stars
Shaw 'Nuff

Starting in 1944, a number of younger jazz musicians who felt constrained by the increasingly cliché-ridden language of late swing began to record in a purposefully "modern" style known as bebop. Bop soloists like the trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie (1917-93) and the alto saxophonist Charlie Parker (1920-55) tossed off unevenly accented, triplet-flecked unison lines at alarmingly fast tempos, incorporating chromatically altered harmonies into their improvisations. Some older musicians were appalled by bebop, but others took it in stride—the drummer on "Shaw 'Nuff" is Sid Catlett, who demonstrates no trouble in keeping up—and what at first seemed impenetrably arcane soon came to dominate the language of jazz.

"Shaw 'Nuff" is on *Yardbird Suite: The Ultimate Charlie Parker Collection* (see below under No. 35).

33. Woody Herman Orchestra
Your Father's Moustache

One of the first dance bands to play bebop was that of Woody Herman (1913-87), a fine swing-era clarinetist and singer who had an uncanny knack for putting together first-rate bands. Herman's "First Herd" played simple, riff-based arrangements with youthful fire, sparked by the drumming of Dave Tough, one of the earliest swing-era musicians to take an interest in bop. "Your Father's Moustache" is a loose, raucous romp on the chords of "I Got Rhythm" that offers another glimpse of vibraharpist Red Norvo (see No. 19 in the November issue). The hard-driving Buddy Rich (1917-87), here filling in for the epileptic Tough, played with Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, and Harry James before starting his own band in 1966; he is widely (but not universally) regarded as the greatest big-band drummer in jazz.

In addition to "Your Father's Moustache," *The Thundering Herds, 1945-1947* contains seventeen other performances by the First and Second Herds—a mere fraction of their best performances on record. A comprehensive reissue of Herman's Columbia and Capitol recordings from this period is urgently needed (Columbia Jazz Masterpieces CK 44108).

34. Lester Young
These Foolish Things

Lester Young's style changed noticeably after World War II, partly as a result of his alcoholism: his tone grew thicker and coarser, his solos less rhythmically poised. Although the melancholic cast of his playing eventually grew enervating, in 1945 he was still capable of such memorable efforts as this haunting, darkly lyrical version of "These Foolish Things" (in which the melody is never stated, a then-rare practice that has since become a commonplace). The difference between Young's harmonically oblique playing and Coleman Hawkins's more straightforward style can be seen by comparing this recording to Hawkins's "Body and Soul."

The Complete Aladdin Recordings of Lester Young contains "These Foolish Things" (and its companion piece from the same recording session, the equally fine "D.B. Blues"), four drummer-less trio sides from 1942 in which Young is exquisitely accompanied by Nat Cole, and an inconsistent but generally rewarding selection of other postwar small-group sides (Blue Note CDP 32787, two CD's).

1946

35. Charlie Parker Septet
A Night in Tunisia

"A Night in Tunisia," whose exotic minor-key harmonies and faux-African beat made it one of the best-known bop tunes, showcases Parker the revolutionary. The four-bar break through which he hurtles at the end of the first chorus—a polished set piece that he would play more or less in the same way for the rest of his short life—neatly encapsulates his contribution to the language of postwar jazz. In addition, "A Night in Tunisia" introduces the trumpeter Miles Davis (1926-91), still fresh out of Juilliard, who would become the most influential jazz musician of the 50's and 60's.

Yardbird Suite: The Ultimate Charlie Parker Collection is not quite the "ultimate" anthology of Parker's recorded work—among other things, it includes the wrong take of his classic 1947 performance of "Embraceable You"—but no other collection generally available in the U.S. contains a larger number of important performances by the master of bop saxophone, including

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all the recordings on this list in which he figures as leader or sideman (Rhino R2 72260, two CD's).

36. Kenny Clarke and His 52nd Street Boys
Epistrophy

The boppers made no harmonic discoveries that had not already been foreseen by Beiderbecke, Ellington, or Art Tatum. Instead, they *emphasized* their chromatically altered harmonies, putting them at the center of compositions rather than using them for purely coloristic purposes. "Epistrophy," composed by the pianist Thelonious Monk (1917-82), is a typical example of this strategy—so much so that in this performance, the players are forced to improvise on a less abstruse set of chord changes than those used in Monk's theme. The leader, Kenny Clarke (1914-85), was a dominant figure in early bop, the first drummer to break decisively with the swing-era style; also heard is Bud Powell (1924-66), whose coruscating right-hand solo passages became synonymous with bop piano.

"Epistrophy" is on *RCA Victor 80th Anniversary: Vol. 3, 1940-1949* (RCA Victor 09026-68779-2), a collection of swing and early bop recordings released on RCA during the 40's. It can also be heard on *Bud Powell: The Complete 1946-1949 Roost/Blue Note/Verve/Swing Masters* (Definitive DRCD11145), an imported collection of 24 of Powell's best recordings that can be found in well-stocked record stores.

1947

37. Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra
Manteca

At its best, Dizzy Gillespie's big band uncompromisingly translated bebop into orchestral terms, never more memorably than in "Manteca," a Gillespie composition in which bop harmonies and a soaring trumpet solo are superimposed on the churning beat of Cuban percussionist Chano Pozo (1915-48). This "Afro-Cuban" synthesis, which became a hallmark of Gillespie's later style, foreshadowed the absorption of the Brazilian *bossa nova* beat into American jazz beginning in the 60's.

Greatest Hits contains "Manteca" and a representative selection of other big-band and small-group performances recorded by Gillespie for Victor in the late 40's (RCA Victor 09026-68499-2).

1948

38. Thelonious Monk Quartet
I Mean You

Thelonious Monk's splintery, primitive-sounding piano playing was as original as his angular compositions. Opinions vary on his effectiveness as a soloist—he became increasingly repetitive from the late 50's on—but his first recordings of such pieces as "I Mean You" still have a freshness that a half-century of familiarity has done nothing to diminish. In this quartet version, he is joined by the vibraharpist Milt Jackson (b. 1923), whose liquid playing would later grace the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Thelonious Monk 1944/1948 contains Monk's earliest recordings as a leader, plus four sides he cut as a member of Coleman Hawkins's quartet (Jazz Archives 159502).

39. Benny Goodman Septet
Stealin' Apples

Contrary to widespread belief, bebop was not a departure from jazz tradition but an extension of that tradition. Most of the older boppers, including Gillespie and Parker, had played with big bands and were fully conversant with the language of swing-era jazz. This witty recasting of a Fats Waller theme, for example, teams Benny Goodman with the tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray (1921-55), one of the first musicians to add bop inflections to a Lester Young-derived style, and the trumpeter Fats Navarro (1923-50), whose playing was warmer and more unabashedly lyrical than Gillespie's. The three players—even the notoriously prickly Goodman—sound comfortable with one another, and their contrasting styles prove nicely complementary.

"Stealin' Apples" is on *Complete Blue Note and Capitol Recordings of Fats Navarro and Tadd Dameron*, together with four sides by a Bud Powell-led quintet featuring Dameron on trumpet, and other recordings in which Navarro and Gray can be heard with the composer-pianist Tadd Dameron (Blue Note CDP 33373, two CD's).

40. Charlie Parker's All-Stars
Parker's Mood

Some boppers had little or no interest in the blues, but Charlie Parker, for all the proliferating complexity of his up-tempo playing, was also a superbly idiomatic bluesman, perhaps the best of his generation. "Parker's Mood," in which the saxophonist's "dirty" solos are effectively contrasted with the gentle piano of John Lewis (b. 1920), who later became famous as the music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is the quintessential bebop blues—indeed, one of the finest blues recordings in any style.

"Parker's Mood" is on *Yardbird Suite* (see above under No. 35).

1949

41. Lennie Tristano Sextet
Wow

The overt intensity of bebop proved unattractive to some progressive-minded jazz musicians, who opted instead for a more intellectualized approach bearing much the same relationship to the Parker-Gillespie style that Young had to Hawkins, or Beiderbecke to Armstrong. The blind pianist and teacher Lennie Tristano (1919-78), among the first of these players, put together a sextet that included two of his students, the alto saxophonist Lee Konitz (b. 1927) and the tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh (1927-87). Tristano's "Wow," though cast in the bop id-

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iom, departs unmistakably from its orthodoxies: the melodic lines are longer and more rhythmically even, the instrumental timbres cooler. Out of such performances came a style known, logically enough, as cool jazz.

Intuition contains all seven sides recorded by the Tristano sextet for Capitol in 1949 (Capitol Jazz CDP 52771).

42. Miles Davis Orchestra
Israel

Concurrent with his work with the Tristano sextet, Lee Konitz also appeared with a nine-piece group led by Miles Davis, another musician seeking a cooler alternative to the Parker-Gillespie style. John Lewis and the baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan (1927-96) also wrote for and played in Davis's band, whose unusual instrumentation—alto and baritone saxophones, trumpet, trombone, French horn, tuba, and rhythm section—was devised by the group's mastermind, the arranger Gil Evans (1912-88), who had previously written for the influential big band of Claude Thornhill. "Israel," a blues composed by Johnny Carisi, shows off the pastel timbres of the nine-piece Davis ensemble to arresting effect.

The Complete Birth of the Cool contains all twelve of the group's studio recordings, plus ten live performances recorded in 1948 at the Royal Roost, a bebop-oriented Manhattan nightclub (Capitol Jazz CDP 94550).

1953

43. Shorty Rogers and His Giants
Powder Puff

Though the recordings of the Davis group sold poorly, they influenced countless younger musicians, many of whom lived in and around Los Angeles and San Francisco. These players—most of them admirers of Lester Young and the Count Basie band—began to develop a broadly similar style in which Basie was emphasized over bebop. The trumpeter-composer Shorty Rogers (1924-94), an alumnus of the Woody Herman and Stan Kenton bands, was the first to record as a leader, assembling an eight-piece group that featured the alto saxophonist Art Pepper (1925-82), the tenor saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre (b. 1921), the pianist Hampton Hawes (1928-77), and the drummer Shelly Manne (1920-84), all of whom would become distinguished leaders in their own right. Rogers's "Powder Puff," a light-textured swinger with a Latin bridge, is a *locus classicus* of what soon became known as West Coast jazz.

Shorty Rogers and His Giants contains "Powder Puff" and other performances recorded in the early 50's by Rogers-led groups (BMG 74321609892).

44. Dave Brubeck Quartet
Stardust

In 1951, the California pianist-composer Dave Brubeck (b. 1920), a pupil of the French classical composer Darius Milhaud, started a quartet that featured the intensely lyrical playing of Paul Desmond (1924-77), one of the very few postwar alto saxophonists whose style owed nothing to Charlie Parker. Brubeck's quartet performed regularly on college campuses, thereby building a young following that made it the most popular jazz group in America. (In 1954, Brubeck became the second jazz musician—after Louis Armstrong—to appear on the cover of *Time* magazine.) With the addition in 1956 of the drummer Joe Morello, the quartet's playing became louder and more extroverted, but in performances like "Stardust," recorded at an Oberlin College concert, Desmond's wryly nostalgic solos and Brubeck's complex yet lucid harmonies add up to a style that remains attractive to this day.

"Stardust" is on the Brubeck Quartet's *Jazz at Oberlin* (Fantasy OJCCD-046-2).

45. Gerry Mulligan Quartet
Five Brothers

After Davis, the most successful alumnus of Miles Davis's "Birth of the Cool" band was Gerry Mulligan, who in 1952 moved to Los Angeles and started a piano-less quartet with the trumpeter Chet Baker (1929-88). The unorthodox instrumentation proved eminently suitable to such Mulligan compositions as "Five Brothers," which makes striking use of both written and improvised counterpoint, and the absence of a chordal accompanying instrument throws the quietly swinging solos of Mulligan and Baker into high relief. Though the quartet broke up after just two years, it is still among the best-remembered bands of the 50's.

Jazz Profile: Gerry Mulligan contains a wide-ranging selection of performances by the quartet; by a 1953 ten-piece group that played Mulligan's own compositions and arrangements; by a later quartet featuring the valve trombonist-composer Bob Brookmeyer; and by the great mid-50's sextet that included Mulligan, Brookmeyer, and the tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, another distinguished Woody Herman alumnus (Blue Note CDP 54905).

To be continued

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Books in Review

The Actor and the Critic

Dutch: A Memoir of Ronald Reagan
by Edmund Morris
Random House. 874 pp. $35.00

Reviewed by
James Q. Wilson

THE CENTRAL argument of this much-discussed and widely denounced book is that Ronald Reagan was an actor, not simply in his occupational background but in his presidency and in his personality. By an actor, Edmund Morris does not, I think, mean a false or contrived man; but he does mean an empty one, someone from whom very little can be expected unless he is on stage. Morris puts it this way:

> Reagan illustrated the phenomenon that actors have no real identity unless they have a great role to play. His conversation in private was stultifyingly banal. He had no intellectual interests, no irony, no perceptions. But as soon as he had an audience, he began to emerge. And when he stepped onto the world stage, he was transformed.

Morris says he admired Reagan, but he describes the President's private talk as filled with "bromides." Reagan's mind, according to Morris, was devoid of curiosity, being filled instead with "encyclopedic ignorance"; his pleasures were bland entertainment; his reasoning was confounded with "addled scholarship"; his personality was without depth. He struck Morris as an "apparent airhead," who would "declaim Dred Scott if asked to" by his staff. But Morris also says that he did not hold Reagan in contempt, and I believe him. To Morris, Reagan was not contemptible, he was mysterious, an unknown kind of person whom Morris had never seen before, at least in close proximity.

The mystery is what led to Morris's decision to make much of this book depend on fiction. As everyone knows by now, he invented a new figure named Morris, had him grow up like Reagan himself in Illinois (the real Morris was born in Kenya and is, of course, much younger than the fictional one), and used this mythical Morris's familiarity with Reagan as a way of telling the story of the man who was always an actor, always dependent on an audience, even an audience of one. The result is not a biography in any obvious sense of the word but a work in which there are bits and pieces of a real biography layered onto a work of partial fiction. I say "partial" because, insofar as he has been able to, Morris does use the words of Reagan and his associates accurately; but I add "fiction" because those words have meaning for Morris only as part of the story—the work of literature—he is trying to construct.

All this is puzzling in one who garnered many awards for *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, the first volume of a biography of TR. Surely that book demonstrates that Morris is both a historian and a biographer? But no: as Morris says early in this book, "I'm not a historian," and in-

JAMES Q. WILSON *is the Reagan professor of public policy at Pepperdine University and the author of* American Government, Political Organizations, *and* The Moral Sense, *among other books.*

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deed he is not. He is a writer, a greatly gifted one who obviously spent countless hours fashioning some of the splendid sentences in this book; but these splendid sentences are mostly a revelation of Morris, not of Reagan. Many chapters consist of long, verbatim extracts from Morris's notes, unchanged by subsequent analysis. Pick a few pages at random, and you will discover that one of the most frequent words on the page is "I."

IN EVERY part of this book, its author wants us to know that he is trying to understand his subject. I have no doubt that he worked hard at this task, but to me he failed. He failed because he persuaded himself that, if so little of Reagan's inner personality was publicly on view, there must not be an inner personality. Theodore Roosevelt put his personality amply on view, and left many anguishing letters about the struggle to maintain the purity of his soul. But Reagan hardly revealed himself to anyone except his wife, and Nancy Reagan barely exists in this book. She is described—or at least her appearance and dress are described—and we know how close the two have been as a couple, that Reagan loves her deeply, and that almost the only occasion he broke down was upon learning that Nancy had cancer. But Nancy Reagan did not confide in Edmund Morris, and so we are deprived of the perspective of the person who knows Reagan best.

The problem confronting Morris has not been his alone. Lou Cannon, who has published three biographies of Reagan, recently wrote that he produced a "frustrating interview." This was, Cannon believes, because Reagan was intent on "preserv[ing] the mystery of leadership by keeping himself to himself." But the same quality is what has led many of Reagan's critics over the decades to agree with Morris that Reagan is an airhead. Surely, their reasoning goes, any great leader must have a personality to match, preferably one that combines wide reading, deep curiosity, and intellectual conversation.

Some Presidents, in fact, have had these traits; but as Presidents they happen to present a mixed bag. Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton are policy wonks who have taken seriously every detail of their jobs and loved to discourse on the meaning of public affairs. Would either count as a great President, or even a good one? Richard Nixon, an astute and well-informed student of foreign policy, put in place a policy of wary cooperation with the Soviet Union that the supposedly ill-informed Reagan ended with a very different policy that succeeded in destroying Communist Russia. Which of them is the greater President?

Suppose Bill Clinton rather than Ronald Reagan had gone to Reykjavik to confront Mikhail Gorbachev over the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI). Almost surely he would have agreed with the Soviet leader that research on SDI should be confined to the laboratory; and so the Soviet Union would have endured much longer than it did. (This is not just my opinion, it is Gorbachev's.) Suppose Jimmy Carter had been asked to speak on the Soviet Union; "evil empire" would have been the last words ever to leave his lips, and demanding that Gorbachev tear down the Berlin Wall the farthest thing from his mind. And so neither Yuri Andropov nor Mikhail Gorbachev would have known how determined we were.

A historian, as opposed to a writer, might have taken such comparisons among Presidents more seriously. Reagan often said how much he admired Dwight D. Eisenhower and Franklin D. Roosevelt, two figures who also had something not easily described as a "personality." Liberals detested Eisenhower because of his clumsy speeches, and conservatives loathed Roosevelt because of his imperious ways. But Eisenhower's speeches were clumsy not because of his mind but because they were often a deliberate effort to conceal his thinking. Roosevelt had a second-class mind, not much given to reading and hardly worthy of study; but he had a remarkable temperament.

George Washington, too, was a consummate actor—one devoted, as Richard Brookhiser has shown in his recent biography, *Founding Father*, to spectacles and shows of every kind, especially those in which he got to wear an elegant uniform. Washington was thought by his contemporaries to be badly educated, and when he commissioned someone to write his biography the man failed, leaving behind only a few glimpses of Washington in military action. Thomas Jefferson, who admired Washington, opined that "he was too illiterate, unlearned, unread for his station and reputation"—this, of a man who possessed a sizable library and sometimes wrote letters to the authors of the books in it. But Washington's life was governed by the impression he made as an actor in a play, the play being the founding of the United States.

And that brings up another point of comparison that a historian might have pursued but Morris does not. For if Reagan was an actor all his life, others in the presidency have been at least his equal. Bill Clinton is able, at a moment's notice, and under the guidance of his daily pollsters and his political instincts, to soothe the public with consummate skill. Indeed, Clinton may be a greater actor than Reagan: he has always spoken from a script, but today's script can completely contradict yesterday's, or tomorrow's. (Recall Clinton saying that the "era of big government is over"—just after, and just before, calling for dramatic expansions in the scope of the federal government.) Reagan was very different: he spoke from a single script, one that he himself had written and that never changed. Surely

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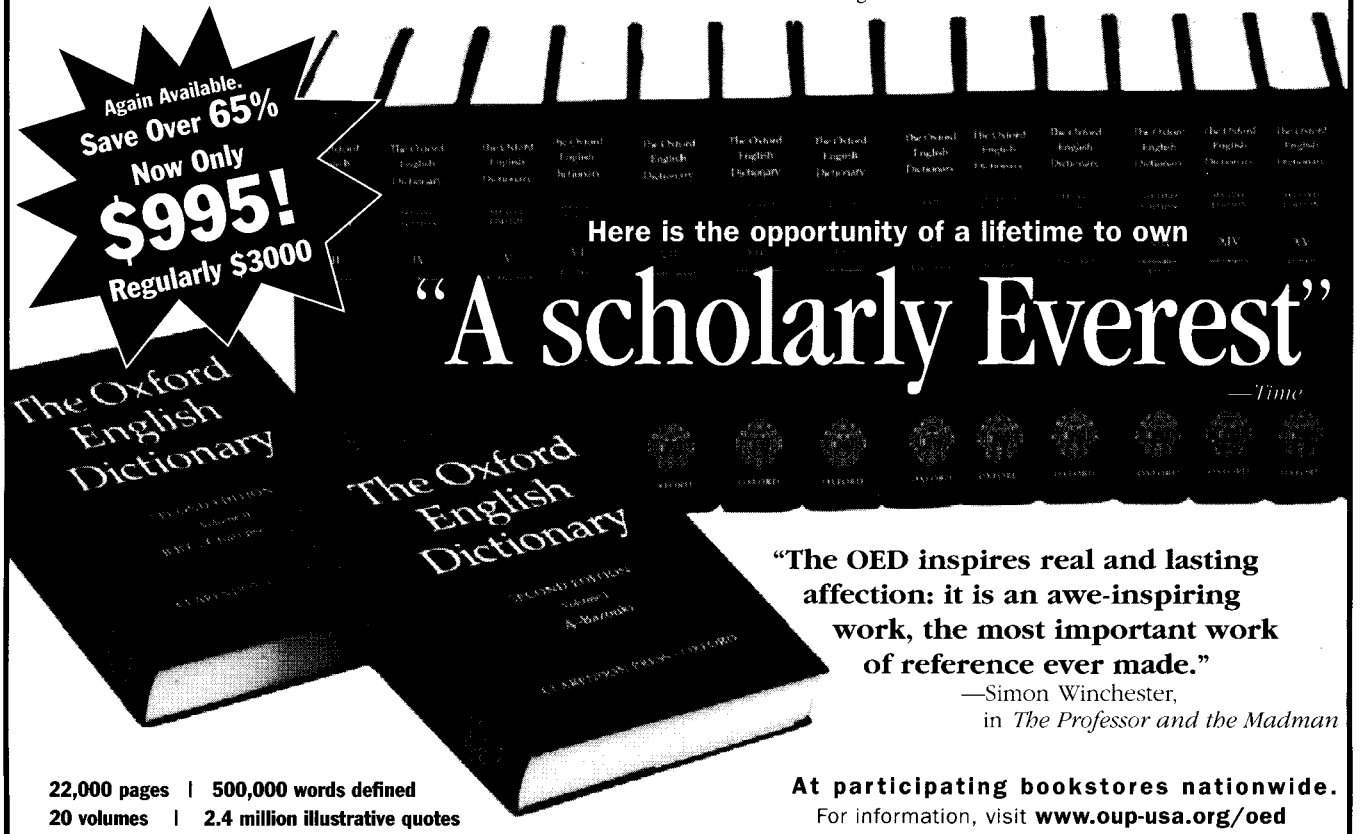

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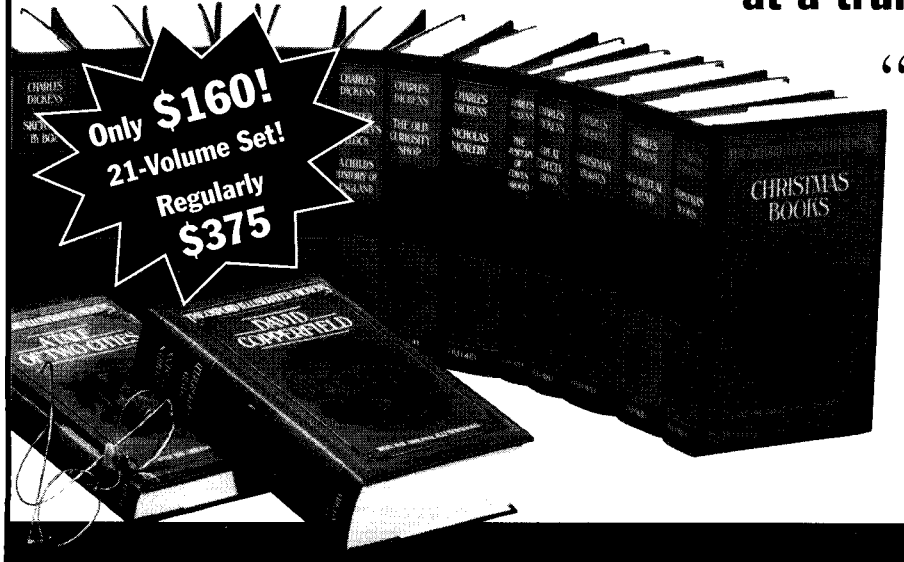

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HILTON KRAMER AND
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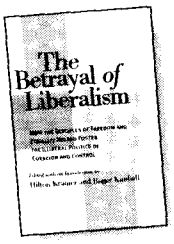
The Betrayal of Liberalism



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MARK J. WHITE, EDITOR

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that difference, much more than any contrast in personality, is the difference that counts.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was suited to his times, as Reagan was to his. What a new nation needed from Washington was stability, gravity, and legitimacy; what an old nation needed from Reagan was a restoration of public confidence, an end to economic retreat, and the defeat of the Soviet Union.

It got all three, though Morris speaks in detail about only the last. He scarcely mentions the ending of inflation, as Reagan watched calmly while Paul Volcker, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, wrung rising costs out of our price system by letting interest rates soar. Perhaps Morris thinks that this dramatic story properly belongs in a biography of Volcker. But we know from experience (think of the struggles of Harry Truman) how a popular politician can bend the Fed to his will. Reagan, by contrast, let Volcker do the necessary work, even though it cost him heavily in public support. As for the high level of public confidence in himself as President that Reagan evoked *after* the end of high interest rates and rampaging inflation, Morris refers to this only occasionally, and scarcely at all to the upward tick in the level of confidence people showed in government as a whole.

That leaves the best parts of Morris's literary work (let us not call it a biography): his vivid accounts of Reagan's dealing with Gorbachev in Geneva. These are vivid because Morris was there and writes beautifully about what he saw and heard and thought. But no other voices are heard. We know that major administration figures like George Shultz, Robert McFarlane, Paul Nitze, and Donald Regan, among others, were all in Geneva at Reagan's side; but we never learn how they viewed what happened there. They become, in Morris's account, little more than props in the play—a play with, apparently, no director, no bit players, and no stage managers, only the actor and the critic.

Morris also gives compelling portraits of John Hinckley's attempt to kill the President; the fateful movement of U.S. Marines to Lebanon and the disaster that followed there; the origins of the "evil empire" speech; the American reaction to the Soviet destruction of a Korean civilian aircraft (flight 007); and Reagan's ill-starred speech at Bitburg, Germany, where he spoke in the same breath of Nazi military dead and Jewish victims of the Nazi Holocaust. These portraits are "compelling" because they are lit up with revealing detail. But are they entirely accurate? I cannot say; once again, hardly any voices are heard other than those of the actor and the critic.

SO WHAT, in the end, are we to make of Morris's vain search for Reagan's character? (The longest section but one in the index to this book is labeled "Character and Personality.") Those who think Reagan was an airhead will have to come to grips with the fact that, according to Morris's testimony, he wrote his own major speeches "in page after legal page of reasoned prose," that his diary was from first to last a lucid and coherent whole, that at Geneva he largely ignored the incessant briefings and staff papers and conducted business with Gorbachev alone and on his own, and did so successfully.

The real measure of Reagan was taken by powerful statesmen who had to deal with him close up. Although they certainly agreed that he could go on forever with his Hollywood jokes, they had a different view when it comes to what mattered. François Mitterrand, the French premier, averred that Reagan was "a man without ideas and without culture, . . . but beneath the surface you find someone who isn't stupid, who has great good sense

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and profoundly good intentions. What he does not perceive with his intelligence, he feels by nature." Gorbachev, with whom Reagan argued bluntly and endlessly, had a similar impression. Reagan is "authentic," he told Morris, who asked through an interpreter what the word, "*lichnost*," connoted in Russian. It connoted more than personality or stature, Gorbachev replied; it meant that Reagan was "a man of great character who rings true, all the way through his body and soul."

The American people understood this without translating from Russian or consulting French leaders. To them, as Lou Cannon has put it, Reagan was an open book in whom they had great confidence. It is odd that what was so obvious to ordinary voters should have puzzled a man from Kenya.

Stamping the Age

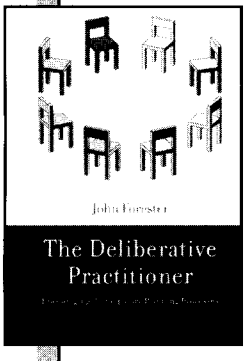
Witness to Hope:
The Biography of
Pope John Paul II
by George Weigel
HarperCollins. 992 pp. $35.00

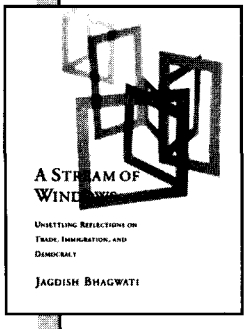
Reviewed by
Paul Johnson

IT CAN be argued that Pope John Paul II is the outstanding world figure in the twilight of the 20th century, the man who set his mark most strongly on its final decades. Still with us, an old gentleman once hearty but now frail and beset by ailments, he is grimly determined not only to see in the new millennium but to carry on his taxing schedule until death takes him. If he has any choice in the matter, he will undoubtedly die on his feet with his Polish boots on, in full canonical regalia, clutching the crosier he uses for support when celebrating a three-hour mass for a half-million people before St. Peter's in Rome.

In the providential destruction of the evil empire of Communism—with his native Poland being the first, pivotal stone to fall—John Paul played a leading role. It was perhaps the determining role, more important even than that of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. George Weigel examines that role minutely in this huge, authoritative tome, revealing much that is new about the history of Eastern Europe

PAUL JOHNSON *is the author of* A History of Christianity, A History of the Jews, *and, most recently,* A History of the American People.





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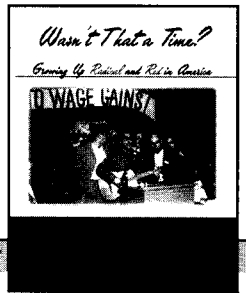

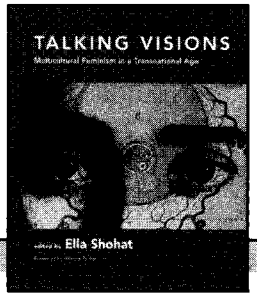

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in our time. That alone would be reason to recommend his book. But Weigel also deals in detail, and always rewardingly, with countless other matters as well.

John Paul has already reigned longer than any other pontiff in this century—he celebrated his twentieth anniversary as pope a year ago—and he has set his stamp on every aspect of his billion-strong church. Among other things, he has produced the most comprehensive catechism of the Catholic faith ever written, and his encyclicals cover every facet of Christian doctrine and moral theology. These latter are sinewy tracts, not easy to read—the Pope was trained as a philosopher in the dense vernacular of Husserlian phenomenology. But they are worth the effort, being full of meat and, especially, devoid of the ecumenical, progressivist, lowest-common-denominator waffle that today is the familiar fare of senior churchmen everywhere. There is nothing in these documents to bring the smallest comfort to liberal Christians who want to turn faith into an easy option. To the contrary: cumulatively, the encyclicals amount to a manifesto against the modern world in its most hateful, corrupt, and spiritually debilitating aspects.

But that is not all. This writing Pope has published two new codes of canon law, nine apostolic constitutions, 51 formal epistles, nine apostolic exhortations, 600 formal addresses, and thousands of discourses. According to Weigel, the printed record of his teachings takes up ten feet of shelf space, and this does not include his 15,000 statements to groups received in general and special audiences. And then there are the fruits of the Pope's famous travels. The first pontiff ever to try to visit systematically all 325 parishes of his own Rome diocese, he has also made 134 pastoral visits inside Italy and 84 foreign pilgrimages, covering almost three-quarters of a million miles and delivering in the process over 30,000 discourses to hundreds of millions of people.

Nor is *that* all. John Paul has personally established a number of new Catholic institutes, academies, foundations, and university faculties, and has created 159 cardinals, 2,650 bishops (out of a world total of 4,200), and more saints than any of his predecessors. He has also tried, with mixed results, to sort out the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the Dutch episcopate, as well as many other knotty internal problems of the Church. When it comes to external affairs, he has established full diplomatic relations with 64 countries (bringing the Vatican's total to 168), and maintained active negotiations with every major religious group in the world.

These are hands-on activities, for the most part performed personally. To anyone who has seen the Pope in action, it is apparent that he puts a lot of thought into everything he does. There is nothing slapdash about him, no cue cards; it is all genuine hard slog.

THE NET effect of this steady, crowded activity has been considerable. During the pontificate of Paul VI (1963-78), the Catholic Church had come close to skidding off the rails. John Paul got it back on track and has kept it there during two difficult decades. True, despite his efforts, much damage has been done to Catholicism even during these years, but the worst dangers have been averted. He has demonstrated the truth of Evelyn Waugh's axiom that there is no such thing as the spirit of an age if enough people resist it.

That is an important lesson for the 21st century to ponder. For, in showing within his own church how the supposedly irresistible forces of liberalism can be halted and even reversed, John Paul has set an example to all religious bodies, including Judaism. And this brings me to another great value of George Weigel's book: its evocation of John Paul's attitude to Jews and Judaism.

The Jewish community of Rome is itself one of the oldest in the world, and it has witnessed the evolution of the papacy since St. Peter's day. Over the centuries, most popes protected the Jews of Rome for practical reasons, some humiliated them, one or two befriended them. John XXIII, who in the early 1960's convened the Second Vatican Council, once stopped his car so that he could bless the Roman Jews on their way from Sabbath worship. (It was the second Vatican Council that in 1965 published the document *Nostra Aetate*, stating that the Catholic Church, "mindful of the patrimony she shares with the Jews . . . decries hatred, persecutions [and] displays of anti-Semitism directed against the Jews at any time and by anyone.") On April 13, 1986, John Paul went further, becoming the first pope in two millennia to attend the Rome synagogue to meet the Jewish community.

To the sentiment of "intense satisfaction" expressed on this occasion by the chief rabbi of Rome, Elio Toaff, John Paul replied that the Jews had been called by God "with an irrevocable calling"; that Catholics could not think about their faith without thinking of Judaism; and that "the Jewish religion is not 'extrinsic' to us but in a certain sense is 'intrinsic' to our own religion." The relationship of Catholicism with the Jews, said the Pope, was quite different from that with any other religion: "You are our dearly beloved brothers . . . it could be said that you are our elder brothers." Hoping for a resumption of dialogue to ponder jointly the mystery of divine election and providence, he ended by reciting Psalm 118, "His steadfast love endures for ever."

Weigel fills in the background. John Paul's upbringing in Poland had been, he suggests, philo-Sem-

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itic: his father had urged tolerance, his parish priest had taught him that anti-Semitism was forbidden by the Gospels, and he had enjoyed friendships with Jews and forged even stronger emotional bonds as a witness to Nazi oppression. Weigel also describes in great detail the personal intervention by John Paul that in December 1993 finally brought about the "Fundamental Agreement" between the Vatican and the state of Israel, providing for full diplomatic relations. It was far from easy: as Shlomo Gur, one of the Israeli negotiators, put it, both sides "were carrying 2,000 years of Jewish and Christian history, very complicated, on our backs."

Yet John Paul does not appear to find this "very complicated" history a daunting burden. In a sense he even seems to relish it, as a kind of providentially mandated entanglement. This is so even at moments of high tension, as on the visit of President Kurt Waldheim of Austria to the Vatican after it became known that Waldheim had lied about his complicity in atrocities committed while he served in a Nazi military unit in World War II, or during the controversies over the proposed Carmelite convent at Auschwitz or the beatification of Edith Stein, the Jewish-born woman who became a Catholic before dying in Auschwitz, in the Pope's words, "as a daughter of Israel . . . and at the same time as Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross."

It is safe to say that John Paul continues to be obsessed with the relationship between Judaism and Christianity, as well as with (again in his words) "a history full of deep wounds, wounds that still hurt." To the logical mind it is impossible to reconcile the two religions. After all, if Jesus was the son of God, then the Jews have been mistaken for two millennia; if Jesus was not the son of God, then the whole of Christianity is a delusion. But John Paul seems to believe that, in God's unfathomable wisdom, an answer to this seemingly insoluble dilemma will eventually emerge, and I for one cannot but share that belief.

All popes must die eventually, but one can only wish some years yet to this grand old man of religion. As George Weigel's magnificent record of a rich and busy pontificate shows, they will not be wasted.

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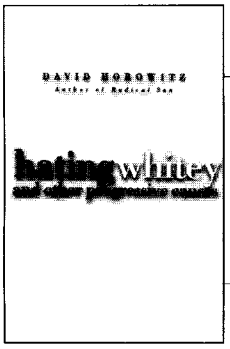

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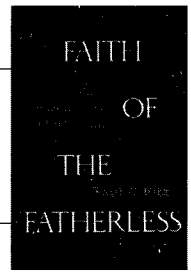

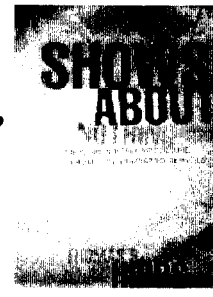

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Face of the Century

Anne Morrow Lindbergh:
A Biography
by Susan Hertog
Doubleday. 592 pp. $30.00

Reviewed by
David Gelernter

THERE IS only one good reason to write a book: because you are obsessed with the topic. Few books pass the obsession test, but those few stand out like phosphorescent fish in literature's murky depths. They hold a reader's interest through sheer force of passion, whether he happens to care for the topic or not. Susan Hertog's *Anne Morrow Lindbergh* passes the test. Lots of books are called definitive biographies, but this actually is one. It is exhaustively researched and lovingly written. It has the texture and fineness of hand embroidery. This is one life that will stay written.

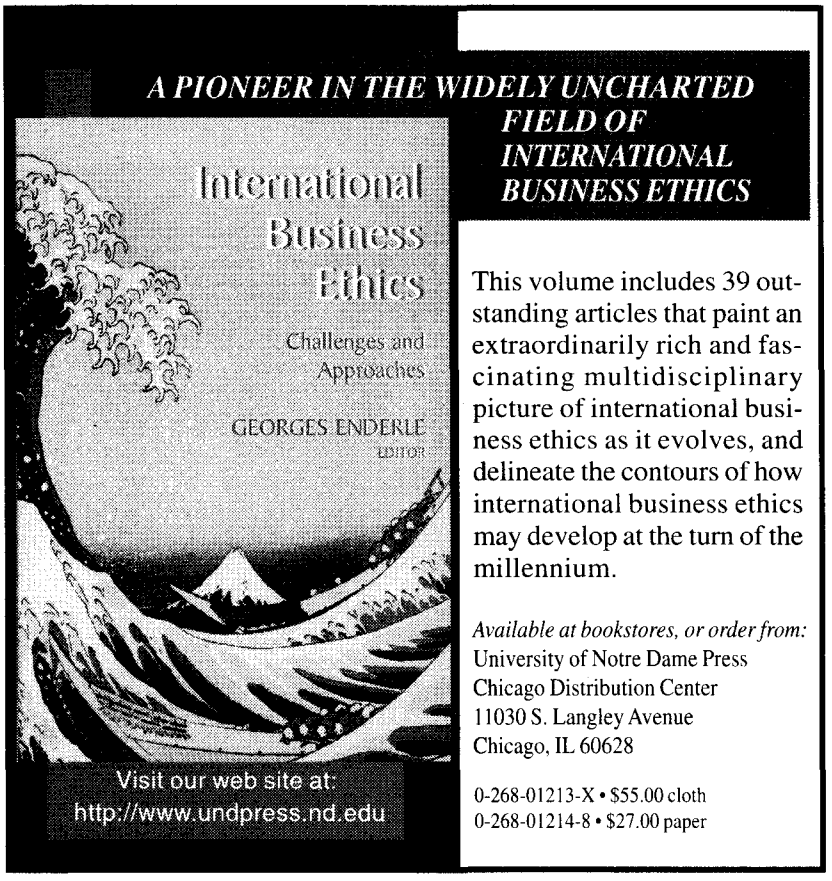
Mrs. Lindbergh is a topic I don't care for—I liked her even less after reading the book—but hers is, beyond question, one of the Big Lives of the 20th century. Born in 1906, she is Charles Lindbergh's widow; from his epoch-making solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927 until he cozied up to Hitler in the late 30's, Lindbergh was the world's favorite hero. In 1932 the Lindberghs' twenty-one-month-old boy was kidnapped and murdered; it was the crime of the century—and the pursuit, trial, and execution of the murderer are the narrative centerpiece of this biography. Mrs. Lindbergh accompanied her husband on many of the venturesome and dangerous survey flights of the 1930's that helped create commercial aviation; under his prodding she became a pilot, navigator, radio operator, explorer, and adventuress. Then, in the years leading up to World War II, when her husband became the nation's top America Firster—a belligerent, snarling pacifist—she stood loyally by his side. These are ample ingredients for an epic poem, a Hollywood movie—or an engrossing book, which Susan Hertog has written.

Mrs. Lindbergh was also a big-selling author. She published travel books, notably *North to the Orient* (1935)— which at any rate has a superb title—and *Listen! The Wind* (1938); also fiction, political essays, poetry, journals, and meditations, of which *Gift From the Sea* (1955) is the best known. The early travel books were widely admired. As for the rest, they were so generally disliked by intellectuals at the time and are so generally ignored or dismissed by critics and professors today that one has to assume she did *something* right.

But after touring her accomplishments, one finds oneself agreeing with Mrs. Lindbergh herself that, as a writer, she is nothing much. Except in her brief stint as an apologist for fascism in *Wave of the Future* (1940), her outstanding trait is colorlessness. Reading this biography, you wonder whether colorlessness might not partially explain her enormous appeal to her readers. Beige is a more popular curtain color than chartreuse, and Mrs. Lindbergh's beige thoughts harmonize nicely with any point of view.

Some of those thoughts, as conveyed by Susan Hertog: "You must be open to your subject, respectful, and patient. But life, too, was an art, no less demanding and perhaps more important than writing." "As the leaves began to fall from the tulip trees, Anne wrestled with the idea of 'time.' Time was not linear,

DAVID GELERNTER, *whose books include* 1939: The Lost World of the Fair *and* Machine Beauty, *is professor of computer science at Yale.*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she concluded; it was determined by association, moods and sensations." "The human spirit cannot be crushed. Feelings and relations are the basis of what it means to be human." "Anne makes a bargain with her reader. Come with me, she says, to a place where distinctions slip away; where there is no time, no culture, and no preconceived notion of sexual identity. Only then can we see who we are."

Two of her literary efforts call for special comment. In the year it came out, E.B. White summarized *Wave of the Future*: "In the revolutionary turbulence of fascist countries she finds a promise and a token—an ultimate answer to poverty, unemployment, and depression." Susan Hertog says of this book (uneasily) that the author "does not excuse the Nazi evil; she merely explains it." When the biographer is so patently uncomfortable, the reader winces. White had a terser opinion of the fascist ideal Mrs. Lindbergh defends: "It stank at the time of Christ and it stinks today." I wouldn't trade those eleven inelegant words for Anne Lindbergh's entire output.

As a poet, she is nearly beyond parody. "These August skies/ Are all too fair to suit the times—so kind/ That almost they persuade the treacherous mind/It still is summer and the world the same." She uses "so" the way quacks once used leeches, as an all-purpose emergency measure: "Saint for Our Time,/ Christopher, come back to earth again./ There is no age in history when men/So cried for you." As our poet herself might have described these verses: So plodding they,/ so helplessly unmusical that we may/ have stumbled here on the absolute number-one worst poet of the 20th century,/ Eh?

Had she never published a word, she would be a more attractive figure: her life is fascinating and instructive even if her writing is not. Lindbergh was a capital-H handful. Anne wanted to stay home and rear their children, but her husband expected her to join his expeditions and write them up afterward—which she did. It might have been admirable in her to say no, but her devotion is admirable, too. After the ordeal of the kidnap-murder, Lindbergh fled the country and settled in England; then he set up shop on an island off France, then in Paris, then in various other places which never seemed to suit him. She followed faithfully, which could not have been easy.

She bore up under the ordeal of kidnap, murder, and trial in a way that moved and inspired the whole world. And if she emerged from the 1930's bitter at America and its vulgar rowdiness, its obsession with celebrity, its oblivious mosquito-swarm of reporters, and the whole democratic mess, who can blame her? From the moment she married

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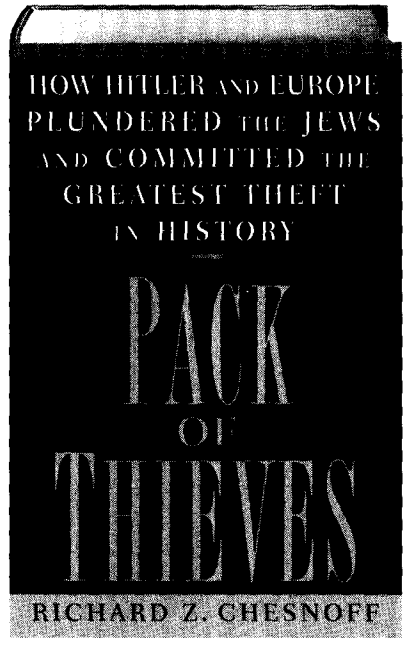
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Lindbergh, her fate was to be gossiped over, photographed, written up and tracked down relentlessly by meddlesome strangers. She flits through old news photos at a run, clutching her children, like a tortured windblown soul condemned for the nation's sins (not her own) to the posh outer circle of hell. Wind is a motif in her writing.

She cracked twice under the strain—which is only to say that she was human, no heroine after all. First she published *Wave of the Future*. Then in the 1950's she had an adulterous fling in a Manhattan apartment evidently rented for that purpose. Her adultery seems peculiarly tragic, because her devotion had cost her plenty. As she followed her husband into the air, all over the world, and down into the Nazi depths, it was possible (even while you shuddered) to admire her every step. But she is no longer a candidate for the Nobel Prize in devotion.

THAT Anne Lindbergh emerges as an unattractive person is striking proof of Susan Hertog's integrity. She tells us up front how greatly she admires Mrs. Lindbergh; tells us that Anne Lindbergh's writings meant much to her and still do. Then she dishes out the facts, which demonstrate that her idol is hollow. As writing acts go, this one is heroic. Many readers will conclude that Susan Hertog is a more engaging, smarter, and more sympathetic writer by far than the writer she has written a book about.

In any case, Mrs. Lindbergh's remains a life for every thinking person to contemplate. I have a copy of the 1939 *Life* magazine (discussed in the book) with a famous cover photo of Anne Lindbergh. It is a suffering face, and the story behind it is an emblematic story. Anne Lindbergh had devoted, wealthy parents; looks, brains, and self-possession; a husband who was the greatest catch since Napoleon. But her baby was murdered; her man was a genius of sorts who also turned out to be a reckless, restless, sometime sadist; and her life was a tragedy.

Those raised eyebrows and set lips that frame an unspoken, unspeakable question—even if you have never heard of Anne Lindbergh, you recognize that face; you have seen it somewhere before; it is the face of the 20th century. It moves us not to admiration but to pity, and sends us back to a question debated but left unresolved in the Talmud: whether, when all is said and done, the creation of the world could possibly have been worth it.

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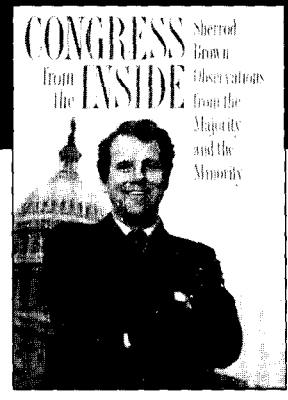

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Braintwisters

The Myth of the First Three Years: A New Understanding of Early Brain Development and Lifelong Learning

by John T. Bruer

Free Press. 244 pp. $25.00

Reviewed by
Christopher F. Chabris

IN APRIL 1997, Bill and Hillary Clinton co-hosted something called the "White House Conference on Early Childhood Development and Learning: What New Research on the Brain Tells Us About Our Youngest Children." This event, widely reported in the media, was designed in part to send an important message to America's parents: a child's experiences and environment during his first three years play a crucial role in determining the course of his later life, directly affecting how his brain will develop and thus his intelligence, his ability to learn, and his lifelong mental health.

At the White House conference, the idea that "the first years last forever" where the brain is concerned was not a point of debate but a point

CHRISTOPHER F. CHABRIS *is a cognitive neuroscientist at Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School.*

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of departure—and one, moreover, that was said to be well established by cutting-edge research. Yet as John T. Bruer shows, this view of infant development, which has become an ever more deeply entrenched piece of conventional wisdom, is a myth. Bruer is the president of the James S. McDonnell Foundation in St. Louis, which supports research in psychology and neuroscience. He happened to attend the White House conference—where, despite the ritual genuflections to brain research, only one neuroscientist was included among the speakers and the relationship between neuroscience and most of what was discussed was merely rhetorical. He was disturbed enough by what he observed, and by the larger phenomenon it illustrated, to produce this significant book.

THE BELIEF that early experience is important for the developing child is not false; indeed, in some obvious (and therefore trivial) ways it must be true. A child raised alone in a dark closet for 36 months will not emerge looking and acting like a normal, healthy three-year-old, and the effects of the isolation will never be fully reversed. But, as Bruer persuasively argues, aside from offering a superfluous injunction against such extreme cases of neglect, research in neuroscience, in and of itself, tells us little about effective child-rearing.

Not that this area of research is without promise; quite the contrary. What exercises Bruer is, rather, the misappropriation of its findings to serve banal public-policy purposes. Examples of such misappropriation abound, and he has collected a good number of them here. They include the call that went out from the White House conference, *in the name of science*, for initiating or expanding a variety of government programs aimed at helping disadvantaged children, and the lament by the *Boston Globe* columnist Thomas Oliphant that "the undeniable

"American Jewish culture has found its definitive historian."

— The Forward

In Search of American Jewish Culture

STEPHEN J. WHITFIELD

JEWS have contributed to American culture in the twentieth century to a degree out of all proportion to their numbers. But when Irving Berlin writes "White Christmas" and "Easter Parade," when Leonard Bernstein composes a celebrated "mass," or when Al Jolson, the cantor's son, performs in blackface, can these be considered manifestations of a specifically Jewish American culture? Stephen J. Whitfield, a cultural historian at Brandeis and author of *The Culture of the Cold War*, says yes, and he offers a lively, wide-ranging, critical interpretation of that tradition in his latest book.

"Whitfield has written a fascinating book on the Jewish role in some key areas of American culture—popular music, the stage, Hollywood. His knowledge is awesome. His approach to dealing with the problem of just what is 'Jewish' in the cultural and artistic work of persons who are Jews expands our understanding of this key issue of ethnic 'contributions' to American culture. The book itself is a valuable contribution to the understanding of American society."

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— DAVID BIALE, *Forward*

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fact that the human brain is almost entirely formed in the first three years is mocked by the fact that hardly any social resources are aimed at this critical period." All such pronouncements tend to be built on overgeneralization from and misinterpretation of three basic findings that have emerged from brain science over the past few decades.

First, synapses—the connections among brain cells that enable them to communicate with one another—are formed at a very fast rate as the brain develops during the early years of life. Second, there are "critical periods" for brain development, during which the child must receive appropriate stimulation if catastrophic interruption is to be avoided. Third, the environment in which an animal is raised can affect the development of its brain.

Contrary to those who have made a myth of the first three years, however, none of this indicates the existence of some grand critical period for the entire brain, or that "enriching" a child's environment while new synapses are forming will create more connections and "build a better brain." Nor does it mean that if the alleged critical period is allowed to expire without the benefits of enrichment, the number of synapses will be fixed and the child's experiences will no longer affect how his brain works or how he functions in the world.

For one thing, there is no known link between the number of synapses in the brain and the intellectual capacity of a child (or, for that matter, an adult). To the contrary, massive "pruning" or removal of synapses occurs during the later stages of childhood when new mental abilities are developing at a rapid clip. Moreover, although Bruer does not raise this point, increasing ability in performing a mental task leads to *less* use of brain resources for that task. For still another thing, critical periods in development apply neither to the entire brain nor to the entire interval when new skills are being acquired but only to a limited range of basic brain functions, as when the visual system begins to integrate the slightly different images registered by our two eyes.

Finally, extrapolating from studies performed on animals to draw conclusions about human behavior—let alone about social policy—is an enterprise fraught with risk. Experiments on the brain development of rats, though widely cited as proving the claims of the myth-makers, have not compared "normal" and "enriched" environments but what are best described as "deprived" and "less-deprived" environments. Whatever limited implications these experiments might have for human beings, the benefits of an environment that is indisputably richer in stimulation—exposing an infant, say, to fifteen minutes of music per day as opposed to placing him in complete silence for the same interval—cannot be proved by studying rats, whose brains have evolved to face a very different set of environmental challenges and developmental events from our own.

BRUER EXPLORES all these points at length, delving deep into the history of the early-years' myth, analyzing its historical antecedents and founding documents (which consist primarily of thinly reasoned magazine articles, popular-science books, and foundation reports), and tracing the way it has established itself in the popular mind and marketplace.

His presentation drags at times, but that may be because there is no breezy or entertaining way to refute an appealing myth by means of sober facts of history and science, which is what Bruer has done. Much more regrettable is that he has needlessly chosen to denigrate Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray's *The Bell Curve* rather than to discuss the growing evidence of genetic influence on intelligence, personality, and behavior—evidence that would only strengthen his own case. Still, Bruer has performed a valuable public service, for the myth he demolishes and the public mindset in which it has thrived have costs that extend beyond dollars and cents and the misallocation of government resources.

The more we depend on science to shape our choices, the more we lose sight of other perfectly valid reasons to act as we should. If parents come to play with their children, read to them, and talk with them on purely instrumental grounds alone—because doing so "builds better brains"—what will they do if those grounds should be disproved, as Bruer has disproved the myth of the first three years? Will that then give parents a reason for neglect?

The question may seem frivolous, but it points to where the real danger lies: in the ever-greater reliance of ordinary people on alleged scientific facts to guide decisions and behavior that should rather be directed by their common reason. In the face of the flood of new claims and counterclaims about

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health, education, and public policy, what we need is not an unreflective dependence on what "new studies show" but the application of skeptical logic and an appreciation that many scientific facts are still subjects of debate, not eternal truths. To those ends, *The Myth of the First Three Years* makes a signal contribution.

Public Enemies

A Necessary Evil:
A History of American
Distrust of Government
by Garry Wills
Simon & Schuster. 365 pp. $25.00

Reviewed by
Gary Rosen

It is hard not to be impressed by the range and sheer volume of Garry Wills's work. A prolific commentator on events of the day—he is presently engaged as a syndicated columnist and as a regular contributor to the *New York Review of Books*—Wills has also managed to write some twenty rather serious books, covering everything from the theology of St. Augustine to the big-screen image of John Wayne. But he also has a specialty. In volumes devoted to the role of religion in American politics; to leaders like George Washington, Richard Nixon, and Ronald Reagan; and to such foundational documents as the Declaration of Independence, *The Federalist*, and the Gettysburg Address, Wills has applied himself to a single grand task: exposing the seemingly countless myths and misconceptions in how Americans understand themselves, their history, and their political tradition.

Through all the permutations of this revisionist project, Wills has returned again and again to what he considers *the* fundamental problem of our national psyche. As he sees it, Americans have a grossly exaggerated view of the power and moral significance of the individual. We are too quick to celebrate self-sufficiency and self-interest, too oblivious of our profound dependence on one another. Worse, Wills insists, this attitude has led Americans to cast a suspicious eye on every form of collective endeavor, however beneficial or benign. And that brings us to the subject of his latest book.

A Necessary Evil is a loosely organized and somewhat idiosyncratic history of American attitudes toward government. Since the very birth of the nation, Wills contends, public authority in the United States has been judged in terms of two distinct and opposing "clusters" of values. On the one hand are such "pro-govern-

Gary Rosen *is associate editor of* Commentary *and the author of* American Compact: James Madison and the Problem of Founding.

CULTURAL CRITICISM

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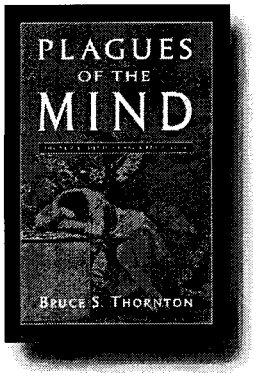
Bruce S. Thornton



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ment" values as cosmopolitanism, efficiency, deference to elites, trust in expertise, and faith in the possibility of progress. When these ideas are foremost in the minds of Americans, government thrives and can best serve public ends. On the other hand, and of far greater interest to Wills, are the "anti-government" values that recur, he argues, every time Americans take a stand *against* public authority, especially centralized public authority. These include the values of authenticity, tradition, voluntarism, religiosity, and respect for popular wisdom.

What is most striking to Wills—and what his book aims to demonstrate—is that these anti-government values defy our usual political categories and have a coherent life of their own: "They can show up on the Left or on the Right; but wherever they show up, they bring along all or most of their fellows." To back up this assertion, Wills sets out a vast assemblage of persons and events, organizing them into a roughly chronological "typology" of American anti-governmentalism.

He begins with "nullifiers" like Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun, who believed that federal law should be subject to some kind of local veto. These are followed by a brief interlude on "seceders"—which is to say, the Confederacy. Next comes an assortment of "insurrectionists," the violent (and often deluded) men behind events like Shays's Rebellion, John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry, and the recent bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City. Finally, and rounding out Wills's gallery of anti-government types, we meet "vigilantes," a rubric that covers the Ku Klux Klan, gunmen of the wild West, grassroots anti-Communists during the cold war, the National Rifle Association, and terrorists who attack abortion clinics; "withdrawers" like Henry David Thoreau, Henry Adams, H.L. Mencken, and the hippie communes of the 1960's; and such "disobeyers" as Martin Luther King, Jr. and protesters against the Vietnam war.

Once upon a time, there was a young man named Ken who collected books. Soon, there were so many books, and so little room, that he realized he had to become a bookdealer and move to bigger digs.

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ONE might expect, Wills has sharply critical things to say about most of these brands of anti-governmentalism. Of nullification and secession, for instance, he observes that both share the mistaken—and historically fateful—premise that the parties to our national union are the states rather than the American people. As for more recent times, Wills finds a good deal of reckless naiveté in the enthusiasms of the 1960's: hippie communes invariably ended in "chaos" or "charismatic leadership," while the "increasingly clamorous and undisciplined crowd of protesters" against the Vietnam war repelled potential sympathizers and "helped to prolong" the conflict.

Still, for all the judgments that Wills is ready to pronounce on these sundry episodes in our history, his rather exhaustive typology remains something of an academic exercise, most of its branches being occupied by long-dead creeds or marginal causes. The brunt of Wills's debunking firepower is reserved instead for a more contemporary instance of the anti-government ethos: the "myths" about the American founding that are invoked in our own politics, especially by the Republicans who swept to power on Capitol Hill in 1994.

Most of the arguments that Wills is concerned to refute in this connection have to do with the basic architecture of the Constitution. To the advocates of term limits, who praise a supposed 18th-century ideal of the citizen-politician, Wills points out that the Federal Convention was of a decidedly different view, its members recalling all too well the crippling lack of continuity

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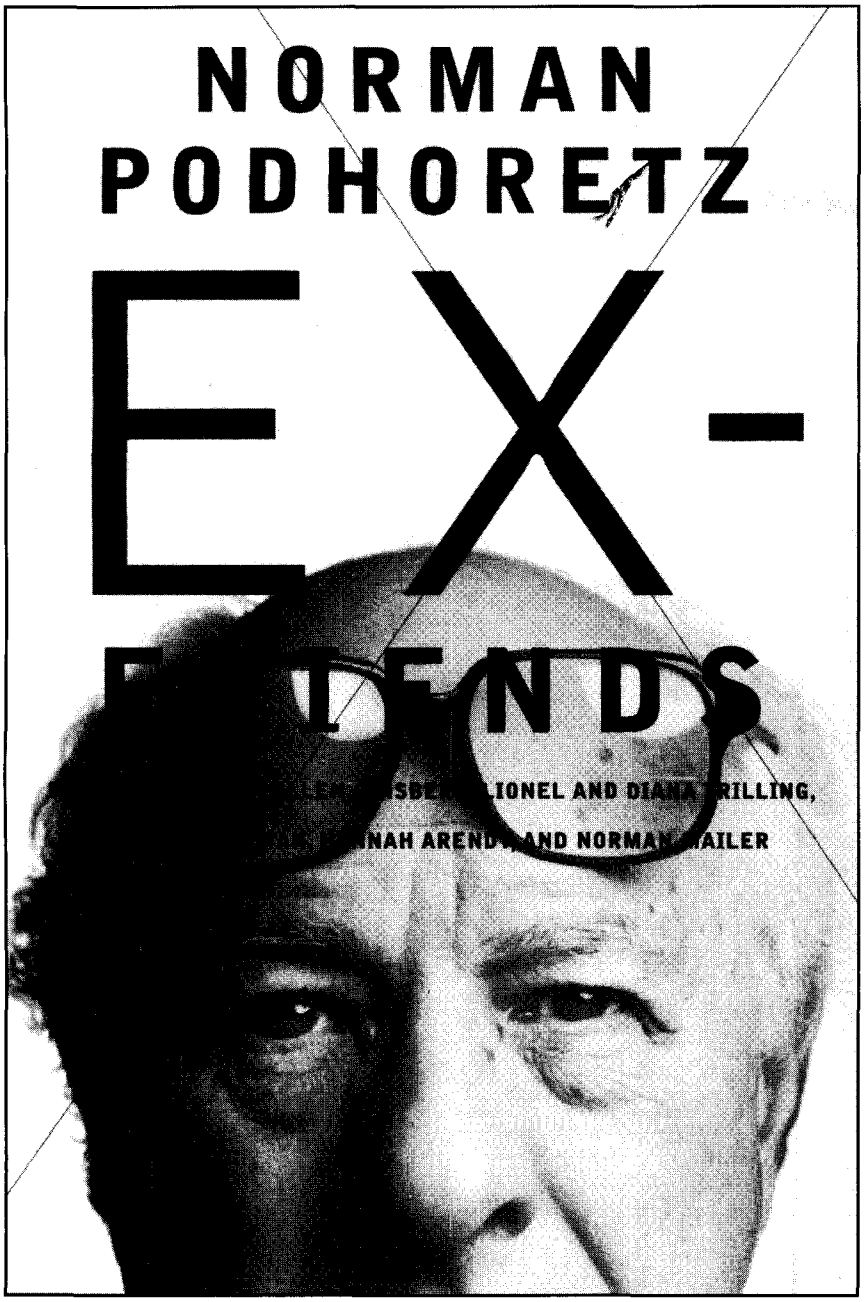

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and professionalism in the Continental Congress. In a similar vein, he deploys the words of James Madison against the suggestion that such Madisonian priorities as social diversity, checks and balances, and the separation of powers were meant to foster "inefficiency" in how we conduct our public business. In all of this, Wills laments, one finds the stubborn belief that we "have a government which is itself against government."

ONE CAN always learn something from the books of Garry Wills, and *A Necessary Evil* is no exception. It is filled with interesting bits of historical trivia—who knew that the quick-draw gunfights made famous by Hollywood Westerns were virtually impossible with the six-shooters of the day?—and well-informed summaries of major ideas and events. But where the book falls radically short is in its central aim: to make a case for the existence in America of some stable set of "anti-government" values.

Even at the highest level of abstraction, and with all the qualifications that Wills duly enters, it is absurd to throw into a single camp figures so disparate as John C. Calhoun, "Wild Bill" Hickok, H.L. Mencken, and Timothy McVeigh, much less to assign a common impulse to such ideological opposites as hippie communes and the NRA, or the Ku Klux Klan and Martin Luther King, Jr. To say that all of these cases represent some sort of negative attitude toward government is simply to beg the truly decisive questions that must be answered about each of them.

One theme that does unite the clutter of Wills's myriad examples is his own disdain for anyone and anything associated with the modern conservative movement. In his scheme of things, anti-Communists and gun-rights advocates emerge as "vigilantes"; Republican opposition to *Roe* v. *Wade* amounts to tacit approval of abortion-clinic bombings; and an 1868 lynching by the Ku Klux Klan is satisfactorily summed up in the acid remark, "As President Reagan liked to say, people know best how to handle their own affairs."

Such efforts at guilt by association are typical of *A Necessary Evil*, and they demonstrate the poverty of Wills's catchall term "anti-governmentalism" as a tool for understanding either the motives or the purposes behind most of the specific cases he adduces. It may well be, as Wills argues at tedious length, that some conservatives are not particularly discriminating readers of *The Federalist*, but whether this adds up to a reflexive anti-governmentalism is very much open to question. In any case, the real issue—of concern, one might think, even to a writer of Wills's liberal-communitarian bent—is the *role* of the federal government, and the advantages and disadvantages of its active superintendence of so many different aspects of American life.

To this important discussion, however, Wills's elaborate scheme of opposing "clusters" of values contributes very little light and a great deal of smoke. A less polemical thinker might have hesitated before branding as "anti-government" such values as a strong attachment to tradition, religious faith, and voluntary activity, recognizing them instead as basic attributes of private and social life, a realm that a limited constitutional government like our own is supposed to respect (if not always defer to). But Garry Wills has little use for such distinctions.

For him, as we learn from his own list of "pro-government" values, American public life is at its best when left to the ministrations of a cosmopolitan, expert, and progressive elite. That this attitude has given us, among other things, a vast bureaucratic welfare state—though one recently reformed somewhat by the forces of "anti-governmentalism"—and a candidly activist federal judiciary does not win even a passing mention in *A Necessary Evil*. For a book ostensibly concerned with the sources of American distrust of government, that is an especially telling oversight.

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